

COMMENT OF
THE DAY

The New H.K.

MR Malcolm Macdonald's expressed conviction that colonialism has made the peoples of Hongkong and Sarawak "feel the utmost trust and friendship for Britain" may, in this present era of self-determination, self-government and political independence, sound a little old-fashioned, but it is not without justification.

The post-war years have brought a new meaning to the word colonialism, engendered very largely by a revitalised and more progressive form of colonial administration. This has been particularly noticeable in Hongkong which, among other things, has seen a pretty thorough overhaul of the administrative structure. In the higher departmental levels especially there are today very few square pegs trying to fit into round holes. General administrative efficiency has increased accordingly.

The present hesitation on the part of the people of Hongkong to seek constitutional reforms leading to some measure of self-government undoubtedly is attributable to the fact that Government has measured up to new and heavy responsibilities since the war. Comfort and satisfaction is derived from the knowledge that the Colony enjoys a benevolent form of government; that generally speaking administrative qualities are high; and that the Administration is prepared to listen to and respond to public opinion.

NOT all the credit for the "New Hongkong" belongs to Government. An important contribution has been greatly improved employer-worker relations, stimulated and to some extent guided by legislation aimed at bettering working conditions, notably in industries. The cry of "exploitation" is heard far less today than it was 15 and more years ago, and so far as the great mass of the Colony's population is concerned, it is fair to claim there is more contentment than ever before.

None of this, however, means there will never be a compelling popular movement in Hongkong for a revised Constitution. Undoubtedly one day there will be elected members serving on the Legislative Council. Eventually the community will have a bigger say in the running of the Colony. The important thing is it should train itself conscientiously for those responsibilities of the future.

GREAT DAY FOR AUSTRALIA

Win First Two Singles In Davis Cup Challenge Round

HOAD BLASTS TRABERT OFF THE COURT

Forest Hills, N.Y., Aug. 26.

Australia's kangaroo kids of the courts piled up an apparently unsurmountable 2 to 0 lead in the Davis Cup Challenge Round today when Lew Hoad blasted Tony Trabert, 4-6, 6-3, 6-3, 8-6 and Ken Rosewall walloped Vic Seixas, 6-3, 10-8, 4-6, 6-2.

The two 20-year-olds from down under stunned a sun-baked gallery of 12,000 with the power and precision of their attack as they swept the first two of the five matches which compose this tennis world series.

Now the whiz kids of the court need only one more victory to capture the Davis Cup, emblematic of world tennis supremacy. They can wind it up tomorrow if Hoad and Rex Hartwig beat Trabert and Seixas in the doubles and the odds are high that they will win one of Sunday's two final singles matches in which Seixas plays Hoad and Trabert tackles Rosewall.

The 25-year-old Trabert, a possible \$100,000 pro career hanging in the balance here and in the approaching nationals, swept through the first set in 10 minutes to win it, 6-4. He and the blond, 20-year-old Hoad, both big hitters, each had only five aces but Trabert ran up his winning margin with 10 placements against Hoad's five.

Trabert errored only on points off Hoad's service the first three times the stocky Australian delivered. But Hoad gave away the first set in the seventh game, after a whistling cross-court placement by Tony, as he netted two forehands and double faulted.

Trabert returned the favour, however, by giving away the second game of the 21-minute second set to lose it 3-6. Tony dropped service on a double fault and a netted volley and through the set had only seven placements compared with 13 for Hoad.

Despite a tumble which halted play momentarily in the fifth game of the third set, where he lost service Hoad bounced back to take the set 6-3. He broke right back as Tony committed four errors and then blasted through Trabert's delivery again in the seventh and ninth games.

In the 14th game of the last set, Hoad cracked through as Trabert netted a pair of volleys after leading 30-0. Hoad thus wound it up 8-6, needing but one hour and 43 minutes for his triumph.

Santiago de Chile, Aug. 26. The Chilean government announced today it would table a bill instituting the death penalty for striking hospital workers found to be responsible for the death of patients through lack of care. But parliamentary circles think there is little likelihood of such a measure winning approval.—Reuter.

HOW ROSEWALL WON

The wiry Rosewall, playing calmly and steadily, wrapped up the first set in 22 minutes. Seixas, at 32, spotting his opponent 12 years, appeared over-anxious and he was slamming the ball for costly errors as well as erring too frequently on backhand volleys.

Each held his first service, and then Rosewall cracked through on two of Vic's netted backhand volleys and a lob placement. The black-haired Aussie blasted through again in the ninth game, to take it 6-3, as Vic netted three backhand volleys and was passed on set point.

Each fired six aces, but Seixas had only five placements compared with Rosewall's 11.

In the second set, Seixas broke through to take leads of 3-2 and 5-4, but Rosewall immediately broke back and finally smashed Vic in the 18th game to take it 10-8.

The set required 40 minutes, with each whipping over eight aces, but Rosewall pounded home 31 placements against Vic's 18. Seixas shattered his opponent's service in the fifth game on a double fault and a forehand volley, but Rosewall rammed right back as Vic netted two

backhand volleys and the diminutive Aussie blistered a pair of placements past the on-rushing Philadelphia.

Seixas broke through again in the ninth game on a retted volley and a sharply-angled backhand placement, but lost his service in the tenth game on a double fault, a netted backhand volley and two over-drives.

Rosewall banked the set by breaking in the 18th game on an out volley and a swift volley placement.

Rosewall's own anxiety, to finish it off betrayed him in a 27-minute third set as Seixas won it, 6-4.

The Aussie had 12 placements, against 10 for Seixas, and four aces compared with his two for Seixas. But Rosewall committed 21 errors while Vic held his misplays to 15.

Seixas broke service in the fifth game for a 3-2 lead on a volley placement and a retted volley. But he dropped his own right back as his backhand again crumbled at the net.

It seemed then as if he was handed the set as Ken Rosewall netted two volleys and smashed out twice to give him a 4-3 lead. After that Seixas held service twice to save himself from what stacked up a shutout.

COMPLETE MASTER

Ken Rosewall, winner over Seixas in 9 of their 11 previous matches, again was the complete master with his solid shot making through the first two sets and even while Seixas was winning the third set he appeared ready to take command at any moment.

Seixas was keyed high for his important test, but time and again blew brief advantages when a softer, safely played shot might have brought off a winner. His backhand volley proved vulnerable and he noted often, but he never quit probing for some weakness in his opponent's defence.

After the ten-minute rest, called after the third set, the Australian champ proved sharper than ever, and swept the final set by breaking Vic's service twice.

Ken took a 3-1 lead in the 4th set by breaking service with a perfect forehand placement, and held a 5-2 lead going into

the final game, on the American's service.

Rosewall hit two placements and scored on an out by Seixas before the latter won a point. Then Rosewall sent up a lob that Seixas could not return, and it won the match for the Australian.—United Press.

FINAL WARNING FOR MUTINEERS

Khartoum, Aug. 26. Troops of the Sudan Defence force will launch an offensive against mutineers in the Southern Sudan if they fail to accept the Governor-General's surrender ultimatum by noon tomorrow.

Sir Knox Helm, the Governor-General told the mutineers tonight that if they did not surrender within the time limit "you must take the full consequences of your refusal."—Reuter.

China Mail
Feature
Highlights

Here are some of the highlights in today's feature section:

P. 5: "Did It Happen?" story.

P. 6: The Amazing Recluse of Sikkim, by C. D. T. Baker-Carr; A tope in the grass marked a hero's end; the last chapter of the Winala story.

P. 7: Russell Spear, Daily Express correspondent, tells how he fell foul of the secret police of People's China.

P. 8: Kenneth Macaulay visits Auschwitz, the most hated place in the world; Leonard Mosley discovers the most amazing film double in Venice. P. 13: Les Armour's profile of Arnold Toynbee. P. 16 & 17: Local and overseas sports news.

"Flying Saucers" Over Birmingham

Birmingham, Aug. 26. Mysterious "flying saucers" travelling at great speed and glowing with an incandescent light were reported last night over the Birmingham area.

A former Royal Navy officer, Mr Denis Thursfield, said today he first saw them at about 7.30 and thought they were aircraft flying at about 20,000 feet.

"But what seemed extraordinary was the fact that they were flying at such great speed and they left such a short vapour trail behind them," he added.

do not think they could have been ordinary aircraft because there was no sound from them and they glowed with an incandescent light even when they went behind the clouds.

IN STATELY MANNER They moved across the sky in formation in a stately sort of manner from the northwest and were on a southerly course."

A spokesman of the Royal Aeronautical Society in Birmingham said later that the "objects" were probably a flight of modern jet planes.

"The light at that time of the day and the haze would probably create an illusion of mystery and give a distorted view," he said.—China Mail Special.

Turkey's Stand On Cyprus Issue

London, Aug. 26. Turkey declared here on the eve of the three-power Cyprus conference that it could never accept the demand of self-determination for Cyprus. "If any change is to take place in the status of Cyprus, Turkey believes that sovereignty on the island should revert to her."—Reuter.

THE ARAB-ISRAEL PROBLEM

TREATY GUARANTEES OFFER BY US

New York, Aug. 26.

The United States Secretary of State, Mr John Foster Dulles, announced today that the United States was ready to join in formal treaty guarantees to prevent any forcible changing of Arab-Israeli frontiers "given a solution of other related problems."

In a major foreign policy speech to the Council on Foreign Relations, Mr Dulles said:

"President Eisenhower has authorized me to say that given a solution of the other related problems, he would recommend that the United States join in formal treaty engagements to prevent or thwart any effort by either side to alter by force the boundaries between Israel and its Arab neighbours. I hope that other countries would be willing to join in such a security guarantee, and that it would be sponsored by the United Nations."

MAJOR PROBLEMS

Mr Dulles outlined the three major problems between Arabs and Jews requiring solution as:

1. The tragic plight of the 900,000 refugees who formerly lived in territory now occupied by Israel.
2. The fall of fear of renewed aggression in the Middle East that hung over Arab and Israel alike.
3. The lack of fixed permanent boundaries between the Jewish state and its Arab neighbours.

"These three problems seem capable of solution, and surely there is need," he said. "If these three principal problems could be dealt with then the way would be paved for the solution of others."

He also said: "It should also be possible to reach agreement on the status of Jerusalem. The United States would give its support to a United Nations review of this problem."

Mr Dulles said security in the Middle East and the removal of fear "can be assured only by collective measures which commit decisive power to the deterring of aggression."—Reuter.

Police Guards Fired On

Buenos Aires, Aug. 26. Unidentified riflemen in a passing car opened fire before dawn today on two Argentine policemen guarding the residence here of the US Ambassador, Albert Ruffer.

About 15 shots were exchanged in the gang-style attack, but no one was hit. The attack was the 19th in a series of "hit and run" raids on policemen by assailants in night-prowling cars. Most of them have been bloodless. The Embassy said it planned no protest because the gunmen obviously were out to get the police, not the Ambassador.—United Press.

More Babies Poisoned

Terror Strikes Japanese Homes

Tokyo, Aug. 27. Terror swept through Japanese homes as fearful parents helplessly watched more children die in agony after drinking powdered milk believed to be poisoned with arsenic.

Radio stations throughout the country blared warnings to parents to search their food pantries for the suspected milk. Newspapers printed full-page stories. The police secured every canned food shop in the country for dry milk manufactured by the Morinaga Company, one of the two biggest milk processors in Japan.

Laboratory tests revealed eight traces of arsenic in powdered milk manufactured at one of the company's plants. The exact death toll was not known, but officials tentatively listed 39 victims.

PAINFUL DEATHS

Autopsies are being performed on each victim. An accurate death count will not be known until these are completed. Death came painfully to the young victims. They vomited, ran high temperatures and developed an intense thirst. The whites of their eyes turned black and their skin dried.

How the arsenic got into the powdered milk is not known. The company said that arsenic is not used at any stage of its manufacturing process.

But Pre-natal Health officials discovered that the company's calcium comes from a limestone mine near an arsenic mine.

Officials suggested that arsenic may have been accidentally mixed with the calcium, added to milk products to increase its nutritional values at the mine.

The Welfare Ministry said the calcium was only one part in 200,000. Such a minute quantity, the Ministry said in a statement, normally would not cause death.

681 CASES

Most of the victims lived in Western Honshu, Japan's main island.

Ten deaths and 681 cases were reported from Western Honshu's Okayama Prefecture, the hardest hit. Three infants died in Hiroshima, the Atom Bomb city.

Morinaga Company officials gave 100,000 yen (about US\$277) to the parents of four children whose death by milk poisoning was confirmed by medical tests.

Public health officials worked in laboratories around the clock studying confiscated milk samples for more information.

Morinaga Company, an old established firm, also manufactures cookies, caramels and chocolates and distributes fresh milk.—United Press.

How not to give a Tennis Party

Bad hosts are born and not made; not everyone can make a failure of a tennis party. Nevertheless there are certain observances which may be relied upon to reduce the chances of success.

For instance, do not roll the court before the guests arrive. Let them do it themselves while you maintain a flow of good-humoured banter.

Do not mend the holes in the wire-netting. Searching for balls in the middle of a ding-dong game is a great fermenter of temper.

AND ABOVE ALL, do not on any account propose long ice-cold drinks of Rose's Lime Juice for between-the-sets refreshment. If the imperfect host were to forget by chance this cardinal rule of in-hospitality, the sharp and utterly satisfying tang of Nature's most thirst-quenching drink could not fail to produce a violent party would be a success.

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

HE MAKES
INSECTS
GROW
YOUNGER!

Cambridge.
There is something new under the sun after all—a living thing that has been able to reverse the advance of time and grow younger. Professor Vincent Wigglesworth discovered this fountain of youth, so to speak, in the unlikely body of a South American blood-sucking insect called rhodnius.

Other insects may have the power, too, when someone like Dr. Wigglesworth waves the magic wand of science, but so far only rhodnius has been used to achieve what he calls "a certain amount of rejuvenation." And some day this could be exciting news for animals higher in the scale of things.

Dr. Wigglesworth, a cautious and eminent scientist, warned against assuming this possibility. Insects and mammals are far apart, he said, and what applies to one need never apply to the other. But he admitted he knew of no other case where a living thing, any living thing, had turned back time.

"In principle," he said of his remarkable experiment, "it's the same thing as in the mammalian world, but only in principle. It will be interesting to see where it will all lead."

May Take Years

The first steps have already been taken in that direction. Dr. Wigglesworth recently discussed with German research workers the complicated task of isolating the "juvenile hormone" which can prolong the youth of rhodnius or restore a measure of youth to the aging bugs.

It may take years. The same chemists worked for 10 years to crystallise another hormone from rhodnius, the "moulting hormone" which controls the five stages of growth or moulting from larva to winged adult.

Other insects also produce these hormones and the juvenile hormone has been used to prolong the larva stage in them. Dr. Wigglesworth once developed giant larva this way and the late H. G. Wells, examining the experiment, murmured that he must have used "the food of the gods."

In his laboratory in the Zoology Department of Cambridge University, Dr. Wigglesworth discussed his fascinating studies of rhodnius.

He has joined the heads of young larvae together, put the head of a larva on the body of an adult, transplanted organs every possible way, even decapitated some — for rhodnius can live without a head and a single meal of blood can last it for a year.

Not The Elixir

In the significant experiment, he treated an adult rhodnius with the blood of a moulting larva and the adult moulted, or shed its skin. The new skin was also adult skin.

"But," said the professor, "it at the same time the rhodnius is supplied with plenty of juvenile hormone, it may show a partial reversal of metamorphosis and develop a skin like a larva." That is, a young skin.

It would be going too far to claim that we have discovered the elixir of life," he smiled, "but here at least is a hormone that will keep the larva of an insect permanently young and which, given to an aging insect, will bring about a certain amount of rejuvenation."

Dr. Wigglesworth's headless rhodnius lives several times the normal life span of the bug after treatment with hormones. "When you cut off their heads," he remarked, eyes twinkling, "they take things more easily. That's the easiest way to prolong life." — United Press.

Archaeologists
Will Put
On Aqualungs

Athens.
The Director of the British School of Archaeology in Athens, Mr. Sinclair Hood, has announced that a British team of archaeologists is to conduct underwater explorations off the coast of the island of Crete.

The team will use aqualung equipment for its underwater explorations. Mr. Hood said there were indications of the existence of an ancient freshwater lake on the northern coast of Crete and probably wrecks of ships from the Minoan era. — China Mail Special.

From London:

A New Plan To Check
The Growth Of Subur-
bia In The English
Countryside.

From Ottawa:

A New Air Survey
Expected To Change
The Map Of Canada.

From Cambridge:

A Professor Has
Succeeded In
Making Insects
Grow Younger.

From Athens:

Archaeologists Plan To
Go Underwater To Seek
The Treasures Of The
Past.

Britain Halts The City Sprawl
With A New "Green Belt" Order

London.
Britain is trying to avoid becoming one big suburb. The Government has instructed 140 urban areas to lay out "green belts" in which further city expansion would be prohibited.

Asphalt Jungle

The action followed growing concern that the house-building rate—now 300,000 a year—would soon make an asphalt jungle of this crowded island nation.

Mr. Duncan Sandys, the Minister of Housing and Local Government, wrote local City Councils asking them to set aside bands of countryside surrounding their borders "as soon as possible."

He gave London as the pattern. The six counties that form the world's biggest city have laid out "green belts" seven to ten miles deep. London can grow no larger.

Checking The Sprawl

Mr. Sandys quoted "the importance of checking the unrestricted sprawl of the built-up areas and of safeguarding the countryside against further encroachment." He said the green belt plan would:

- 1) "Check the further growth of a large built-up area."
- 2) "Prevent neighbouring towns from merging into one another."
- 3) "Preserve the special character of a town."

Mr. Sandys timed his order to follow public horror over the just-released report on highway deaths in the first half of 1955.

It showed an average of ten deaths a day on Britain's overcrowded highways, many of which are little more than an unending chain of neighbouring cities' main streets.

Blackest Months

January to June were the blackest months since the war. Road accidents killed 451 persons and injured 24,241.

Although Britain has less cars per capita than the United States, it has the world's largest number per mile of road—an estimated 19 compared to

barely over 15 in the United States.

Mr. Sandys asked local governments to submit temporary green belt plans as soon as possible and prohibit further building in the areas until final action is taken.

Compensation

"This procedure may take some time," he said. Meanwhile it is desirable to prevent further deterioration in the position.

The London green belt law, laid down after the war, provides financial compensation to landowners deprived of income from areas that might have been turned into lucrative factory and housing space. — United Press.

THEY STILL MISTAKE
HIM FOR "MONTY"

Just as the Germans Did In 1944

London.
OLD soldiers long out of battle dress have to throttle an impulse to freeze to attention and salute when they meet Meyrick Clifton James. He looks so much like Field Marshal Viscount Montgomery that one of the strangest tales of the war hangs on it.

And a suggestion for future Big Four conferences.

James is the actor and lecturer who impersonated Field Marshal Montgomery when the Normandy landings were being prepared. President Eisenhower, then Supreme Commander, approved the great impersonation that threw the Gestapo into confusion and helped keep the secret of the timetable for the actual attack on Europe.

"So," said James humorously, "I was somewhat surprised to find the President and the other members of the Big Four going personally to Geneva to try to solve the world's ills in the excited, noisy, frantic, security-ridden atmosphere attending their meeting."

"I should have thought they would have sent doubles to Geneva and themselves met somewhere nice and quiet, perhaps down the lake at a small town, or some other unexpected place. There they could have peacefully threshed out their problems while their

perpetrating doubles were appearing on balconies in Geneva or racing around town in limousines."

Mr. James pointed out that President Eisenhower must have been in favour of doubles to approve his acting for Monty.

"But it's probable," he went on, "that the major powers haven't even looked around for doubles for their leading statesmen. If not, now is the time. I think all world figures ought to have someone who can impersonate them if necessary. Saves wear and tear on the statesmen, for one thing."

As proof, Mr. James cited his own experience. A clerk in the paymaster's office, he put on a Montgomery-like beret one day to clown for friends and a newspaper ran his picture under the caption: "Your'e wrong! Soon thereafter he got a phone call from Colonel David Niven, the movie star, asking whether he would like to help make

documentary films. This was an excuse to look him over, for Niven was in an intelligence outfit called "Deception" whose job it was to fool the enemy.

To Baffle Spies

And they wanted particularly to baffle the many German spies who were trying to find out the D-Day timetable.

After security had ransacked his life back to childhood, Mr. James was let in on the secret that he was to impersonate Monty. He was given opportunities to study the general

documentary films. This was an excuse to look him over, for Niven was in an intelligence outfit called "Deception" whose job it was to fool the enemy.

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SIDE GLANCES By Galbraith



"That's Monty," a lady said—every time he drives in 10 miles he has to spend two weeks overhauling his



Montgomery or . . . ?

at first hand, learn his mannerisms, even to eat his kind of meals.

"Are there any peculiarities in your diet?" Montgomery was asked on James' behalf.

"Certainly not," snapped Monty. "I don't eat meat. I don't eat fish. And I take no milk or sugar with my porridge. That's all."

Sent To Africa

Finally, clad in an exact duplicate of Monty's outfit, James was sent to North Africa after British Intelligence lost the news (for German ears) that Montgomery was making such a trip. Berlin's high command ordered its spies to make every effort to verify this "journey" for if it was really taking place it could only mean the Allied invasion was not yet ready.

The ruse worked perfectly. Spies all the way to Algiers got looks at the man they believed to be Montgomery—and all the while Monty was in Britain helping General Eisenhower get ready for the big push.

When you see, said Mr. James, "the question of doubles for the Big Four is something worth looking into." — United Press.

162,000 Eggs
Cooked At Once

Sydney.
A lorry carrying 162,000 eggs, worth £44,500, crashed into a store at Carver, 250 miles west of Sydney, and caught fire. The driver, Noel Williams, aged 23, jumped clear before the crash. He stood and watched his egg cargo cooked to a cinder. — China Mail Special.

Air Survey
May Change
The Map
Of Canada

Ottawa.
RCAF aircraft, flying from their Whitehorse, Yukon, base north of the 61st parallel, are correcting the map of Canada this summer.

Not much correction will be needed in the eastern sections of the map, but major alterations are likely in the lonely north, along the international Alaska-Yukon boundary and up to the ice-covered islands within the Arctic circle.

In the past, through aerial surveys of other parts of Canada, the old maps have been found to be as much as 30 miles out.

The complex, large-scale air survey of the Yukon now in operation is carried out by a detachment of the Air Force's largest squadron—the 408 Photo Reconnaissance of Rockliffe. The planes will be up in the Yukon until the big freeze-up in September, when the almost unbroken Arctic day turns into continuous night.

Radar Stations

The re-mapping survey involves the erection of radar stations on mountain tops by two-man teams and the men may remain in these isolated spots for three months at a time. For the aerial part of the survey, converted Lancaster bombers are making flights of up to 15 hours' duration and 20,000 feet in altitude.

What makes the aerial survey almost unusual is the amount of electronic equipment carried. Two radar operators are members of each crew and they keep in constant touch with a network of mountain-top short-range navigation stations, called SHORAN.

The Yukon operation is expected to be completed before the Christmas holidays, and the team will be more work to be done when the summer survey of the Arctic islands is expected to take off. Other two years ago, mountain teams at work under similar conditions. — United Press.

He's Going
To Ride
A Flying
Bicycle!

New York.
A 67-year-old man plans to go flying this summer with a parachute, a bicycle and 200 small helium balloons.

With a good tail wind, he believes he will be able to glide at 25 to 30 mph at an altitude of about 1,500 ft.

Generally a parachute is the slow way down from an aircraft and a bicycle is strictly ground level. But Mr. Arthur Hartman at Burlington, Iowa, has blended them into what he calls the "Hartman Flying Saucer."

He has always had difficulty keeping at least one foot on the ground. He still is an active balloonist and plans to make at least eight ascents this summer. He is a former mid-air trapeze performer and has parachuted for pay about 500 times.

"Flying saucer" is something that has been in the back of Hartman's mind since 1907. That year Mr. Hartman had a balloon entered in an air show at St. Louis but the fellow who sailed away with the \$10,000 first prize was a 15-year-old Ohioan identified as Cromwell Dixon.

A Neat Trick

Dixon flew a circle with his balloon, guiding it with flappers connected to bicycle pedals," said Mr. Hartman. "It was one of the neatest tricks I've ever seen."

Mr. Hartman has used Dixon's principle to construct his bicycle-balloon. He's ready for the maiden flight, needing only a sponsor.

Under a 28-ft. parachute he will place 200 balloons filled with helium. The frame of the bicycle is suspended under the balloons, the pedals operating a propeller in front and a tail fin at the back.

"Of course, it will fly," said Mr. Hartman. "To come down, I'll release the balloons one by one."

He estimated it would cost \$400 to take the contraption up. "That's why I can't give any demonstrations," he said. — United Press.

Australia's Olympic
Uniform

Melbourne.
A uniform designed by the Australian Olympic Federation for Olympic officials at the 1956 Games in Melbourne has been shown here.

More than 2,000 officials will wear the uniform, consisting of a white Panama hat, blue jacket, grey trousers, and brown shoes.

An emblem on the breast pocket of the jacket features the combined Olympic circles. — China Mail Special.

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CAUSE AND TO ENJOY THIS EXCELLENT BRITISH FILM12 MEN AND A GIRL
RE-LIVING A DREAM
THAT FORETOLD
DISASTER

MICHAEL REDGRAVE
SHEILA SIM
ALEXANDER KNOX
DENHOLM ELLIOTT
**THE NIGHT
MY NUMBER
CAME UP.**



SOCIALIST MP Mrs Bessie Braddock has a one-cat audience as she tries her luck fishing on Scarborough Pier. Like all House of Commons members, she is on holiday until the House reassembles in October. (Express)



PRINCESS MARGARET flew by helicopter from Caithness to Inverness to join the Royal family in the yacht Britannia. She is seen being greeted at Inverness aerodrome. The Royal family is spending the summer holiday in Scotland. (Express)



WHEN Dr and Mrs Mervyn Pembrey of Cambridgeshire were first married, they decided to have a family of six. But the children were all such good specimens that they changed their minds and decided to carry on and make it ten. Their eldest, Maureen (extreme right) is now 15, and the youngest, Shirley (left), is one. (Express)



LEFT: A new Kon Tiki-like raft is sailing across the oceans. The crew consists of Jim Wharram, 27-year-old Manchester writer, and two German girl students, Ruth Merseburger and Yutta Schultz. They are seen at Shoreham, Sussex, after their 220-mile voyage from Dusseldorf. (Express)

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



FIELD MARSHAL Sir John Harding, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, Mr Anthony Head, War Minister, and Admiral Earl Mountbatten, First Sea Lord, enjoying a joke at Camberley during the annual conference of British Service chiefs. The conference this year was entitled "Exercise Onward," and discussed organisational problems to meet the needs of modern warfare. (Army News)



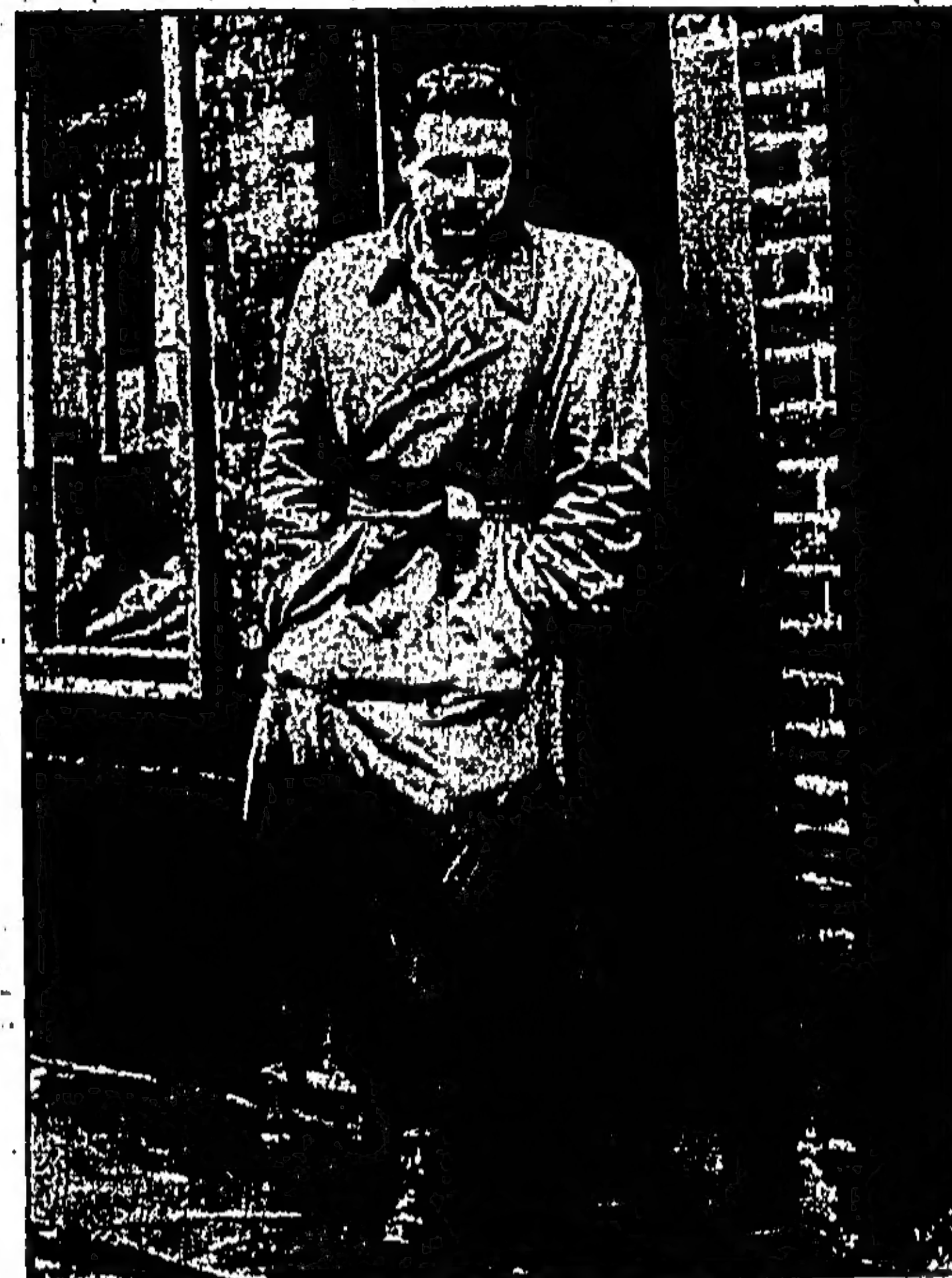
ORSON WELLES was not present at the world premiere in London last week of his new film, "Confidential Report," but many prominent film stars attended. Here are actresses Patricia Ryan (left) and Jacqueline Curtis at the premiere at the Warner Theatre. (Express)



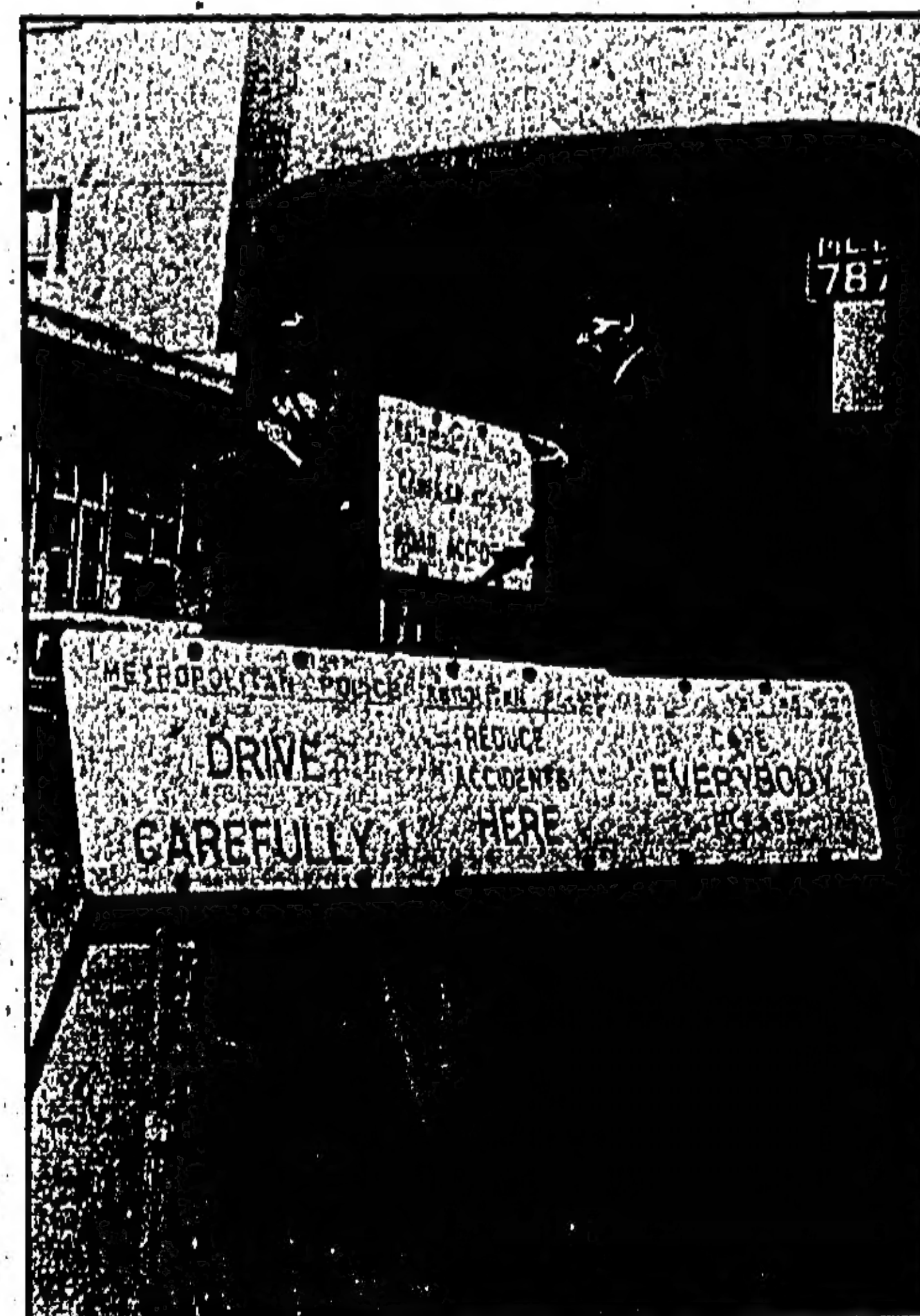
ENGLISH-BORN comedian Bob Hope is a much photographed man. But of Mrs Hope and the family little is seen. After a short holiday in Italy, paterfamilias has flown back to America, but Mrs Hope and the children are staying on at London's Savoy Hotel. From left: Tony, 15, Linda, 16, Mrs Dolores Hope, Kelly, 9, and Nora, 9. (Express)



GENERAL Sir Lashmer Whistler, GOC Western Command, talking to troops of 168 Infantry Brigade in training at Stanford, Norfolk, during his tour of inspection. The troops are having a break before resuming their manoeuvres in the countryside. (Army News)

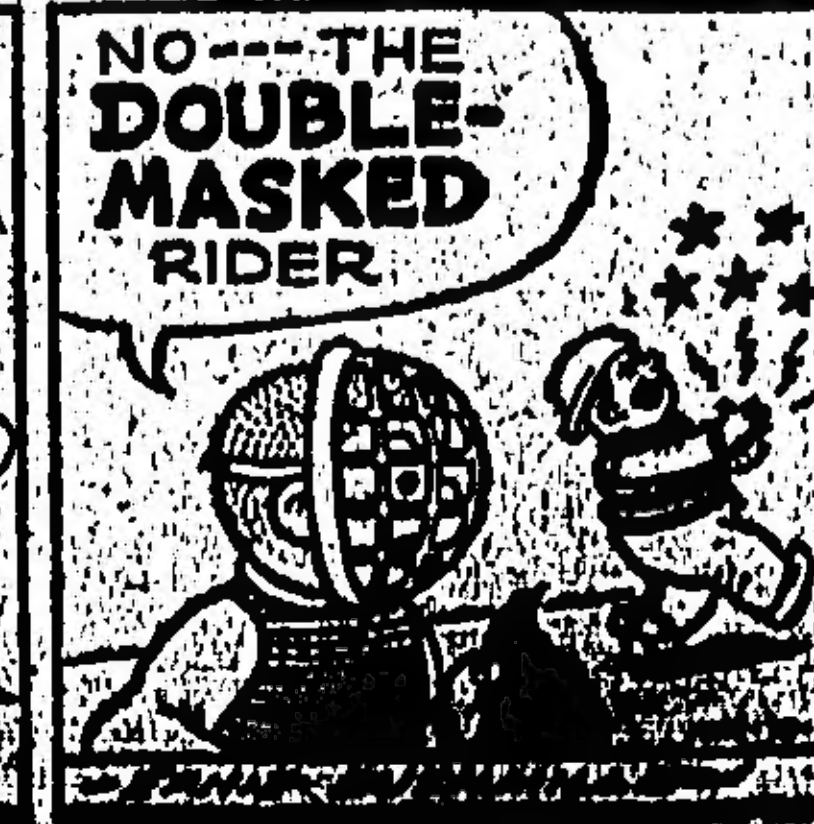


A 32-year-old carpenter from Belfast, known in England as Danny Ryan, in Ireland as Domhnall O Riain, told London pressmen his job in England was to raise funds and get recruits for the Irish Republican Party. He is seen at the door of his accommodation address in Hammersmith. He jumped into the news after the recent IRA arms raids. (Express)



LONDON'S Police have embarked on a new campaign to reduce the rising toll of road accidents. Portable signs exhorting motorists to drive carefully and show courtesy to one another are being displayed at black spots and approaches to them. (Express)

NANCY



By Ernie Bushmiller

BLACK MAGIC
ASSORTED
CHOCOLATS



"IF THE I.R.A. DIDN'T TAKE 'EM, WHO DID?"

London Express Service

The letter from Aldershot

Another story to keep you guessing.
IS IT FACT OR FICTION?

DID IT HAPPEN?

That is what you have to find out.
The answer will be published on Monday



Whenever Roscoe went to the window, there they were...

WHEN I was a young man I went to teach at St Botolph's. The only respect in which St Botolph's was like Harrow was that it was on the top of a hill. The hill was in the middle of England, six miles from anywhere, with the exception of a miserable hamlet depending on the school.

The Senior Classics Master under whom I was to work was a Mr Roscoe, whom I disliked as heartily as sight as he did me. Fiftyish, petulant and womanly, he fussed down the corridors and exploded in the common room in a little impetuous burst of rage. An absurd little usher he was, but not totally to be despised; for he was an excellent scholar in his pedantic way. Quite surprisingly good for that school. Almost, I said with malicious insight, suspiciously good.

A martinet

Of course, Roscoe was odd. Everyone admitted that. But perhaps it was the war. He had won a DSO and an MC and when I was there, he still commanded the OTC, corporal and peppery on parade, a miniature of the martinet that H. M. Bateman favoured.

It took a couple of terms before I became accepted by some of the other masters. Acceptance meant entry into the circle of gossip. I began to learn things about Roscoe. He came of a good family. One brother was a high court judge, another a naval captain.

"Of course Roscoe was in orders," one told me. "Then something happened and he went to Australia. After the war, he thought it would have blown over. But it hasn't, of course."

I discounted the scandal, the prattle of men marooned in mid-England with nothing to talk of. But I consulted the back numbers of Crookford. And sure enough, there was the name G. St C. Roscoe—an unusual combination of initials; and in 1909 the note Resigned Orders. I kept my ears open from then on.

Small legacies

Roscoe, I gathered, had received a succession of small legacies. But each time he came into any money, they—whoever they were—turned up again and blackmailed him out of it. "And the silly ass gave 'in' until they made the mistake of blackmailing him in the judge's house. The police laid a trap and they got three years."

"Which, with remission of sentence," said another, "should be up pretty soon. Keep your eyes open for the morning mail."

We all breakfasted at the high table in the hall. None of us was at his best at that hour, but one morning my torpor was shaken by the sight of a letter on Roscoe's plate. The postmark was Aldershot, not surprising considering Roscoe's connection with the OTC. But that handwriting, I thought, was too illiterate for even the crassest orderly clerk.

Roscoe came in, fussing up the hall in his chalky gown. He was in a comparatively good mood until he looked down and saw the letter, and then his face went grey. He clutched the back of the chair.

What made that moment awful was the sound of the boys' voices; 400 of them chattering away; and Roscoe recoiling from the sight of that grubby envelope from Aldershot as if he had been punched in the solar plexus. Then he picked it up, thrust it in his pocket and sat down.

But I thought no more about it until some three weeks later, when running upstairs I saw a cheque book lying on the landing outside Roscoe's door. There was no name on it, but the cheque stubs were in Roscoe's handwriting. I saw, too, since he had the habit of deducting the amount he withdrew from his deposit, that he had over £700 in his account.

I knocked at Roscoe's door and walked in without waiting for an answer. He was standing at his desk, and he looked up at me with his eyes blazing with anger. "What the hell do you mean by breaking in like that?" he asked. In his hand was a Service revolver, which he slipped back in the desk.

"I think this is yours," I said, dangling the cheque book. For a moment he didn't recognise what it was. Then he almost ran towards me. "Good God!" he said, and with characteristic suspicion, he added: "Where did you get hold of that?" As though I had stolen it.

I told him and with the nearest approach to positive emotion I had seen in him, he thanked me. He held the door open for me to leave.

I could almost smell his fear as you can an animal's and suddenly I was very sorry for him, besieged in this lonely school. "Is there anything I can do?" I asked.

He stood me up and then, perhaps because he saw I had made the offer for love not of him but of excitement or perhaps because the 30 years' difference in our ages was too

great to bridge, he said: "For God's sake leave me alone." He half-pushed me out of the room and slammed and locked the door behind me.

Next morning there wasn't a boy in St Botolph's who didn't know that they had come back. They were staying at the pub in the village and that afternoon they came up to watch the OTC inspection, two shabby men in greasy raincoats and brown pork-pie hats, shiny with age.

In the middle of the inspection, one of them cleared his throat so loudly that Roscoe looked furiously in their direction. And when he saw who they were, he dropped his sword.

That was the beginning of a lamentable performance, which the inspecting brigadier cut



... The men who knew what Roscoe had done a quarter of a century before.

short by suggesting that one of the company commanders should take over; at which point they took their departure. They were very clever, having learned, I suppose, from their last attempt at blackmail. England was a free country and there was no law against their staying in the village. They made no demands on Roscoe. They just stuck around.

There was a public footpath across the meadow on to which the classrooms looked; and whenever Roscoe went to the window, there they were, the men who knew what he had done a quarter of a century before, the men he had put in jail.

It was about a fortnight before the end of term when they appeared, just as we were getting ready to set examination papers. In a couple of days, Roscoe was looking so distraught that I approached him again.

"I could do your papers for you," I said, "if you want to go away."

"Go away?" For a moment I had got beneath his guard. "My dear Calder-Marshall, if you think the Head would give you the Classical Sixth in my absence, you are very much mistaken."

If I had been older, I would not have walked away. I would have heard only the desperation in that voice, and only perhaps in his desire to keep up appearances.

I would also have known that the Head would have trusted me to take over Roscoe's work. Indeed, the Head did so that

very evening, because Roscoe announced himself ill and retired to the sanatorium bungalow. I went to see him next day on pretence of discussing his work and the old man already seemed better, as if lying in bed propped up on pillows was a better protection than the Service revolver and the locked door of his study.

That afternoon, I saw the two men walk by and stand outside the classroom where I was taking Roscoe's form. They saw me and could see the surprise penetrate to their grey prison faces, before they turned away and walked off.

Sent packing

After they had gone for a few yards, they looked round as if their trust in humanity was so low that they could not believe their own eyes. When I made my baboon face at them, they shuffled off.

A few days later they asked to see the Headmaster on private business. With what they thought was cunning, they pretended to be old boys of the school where the Head had taught for many years previous to his coming to St Botolph's. Perhaps that more than loyalty to his staff made the Head send them packing.

"They said they were friends of Mr Roscoe," he confided to me, "which of course cannot be true. But..." he was going to say, "I'm afraid that there can be no question of Mr Roscoe's returning next term."

Instead, he asked me whether I felt that I could take over Mr Roscoe's work. "In case he didn't feel up to it after the holidays."

I suggested we might see what happened, not mentioning that what commended the school to me was that the work was so easy it gave me time to write. What happened was that the term came to an end and Roscoe was still taking asylum in the hospital. I did not say goodbye to him. The Headmaster had been in and given him the sack, I think. At any rate, the last time I saw him, he accused me of trying to steal his job, and my antagonism revived.

Once or twice during the holidays I felt a twinge of guilt at the thought of Roscoe hiding in the sanatorium bungalow, alone with the matron and his guilt.

Next term

Next term I know before they told me that Roscoe was dead. "We did everything we could for him," said Matron, when I asked her. "Doctor came twice and three times a day."

But what could the doctor do? I asked myself. If as I suspected, they came twice or three times a night, doing nothing more criminal than tapping on the window of his ward to remind him that the only way he could leave the sanatorium without their following was in a box.

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DID IT REALLY HAPPEN?

YES NO

Put your tick in the space above and keep this panel by you until Monday... when the answer will be given... with another story in this series by

Arthur Gould Lee

Did yesterday's story by Day Land shake you? Check A. S. Campbell's usually happy! The answer is NO.



by
**ARTHUR
CALDER-MARSHALL**

ARTHUR CALDER-MARSHALL, author and traveller, has experienced schools at both ends: as a boy at St Paul's and, after Oxford, six and a half terms as classics master. He left to write such books as *The Magic of My Youth*. Forty-six, he is married and has two daughters.



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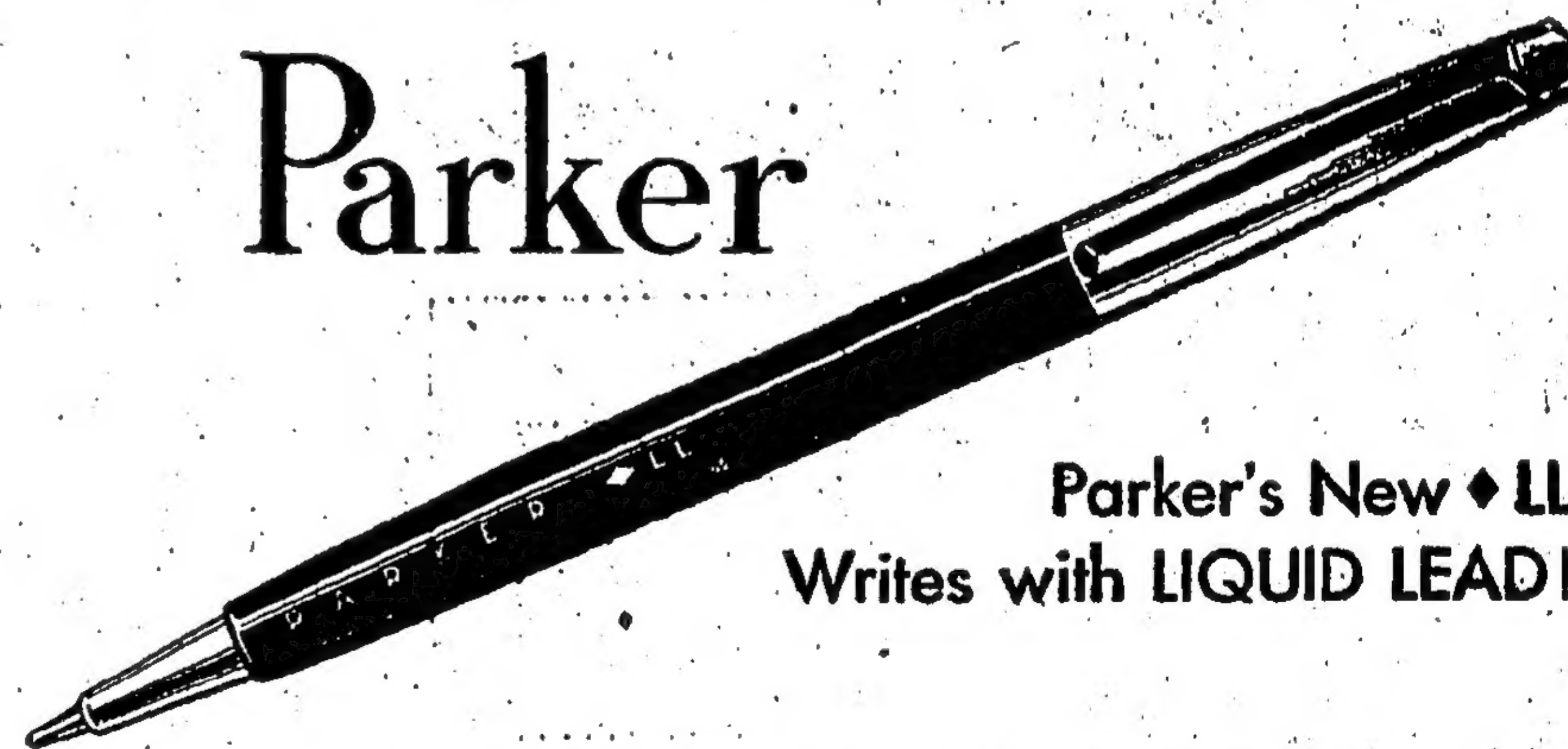
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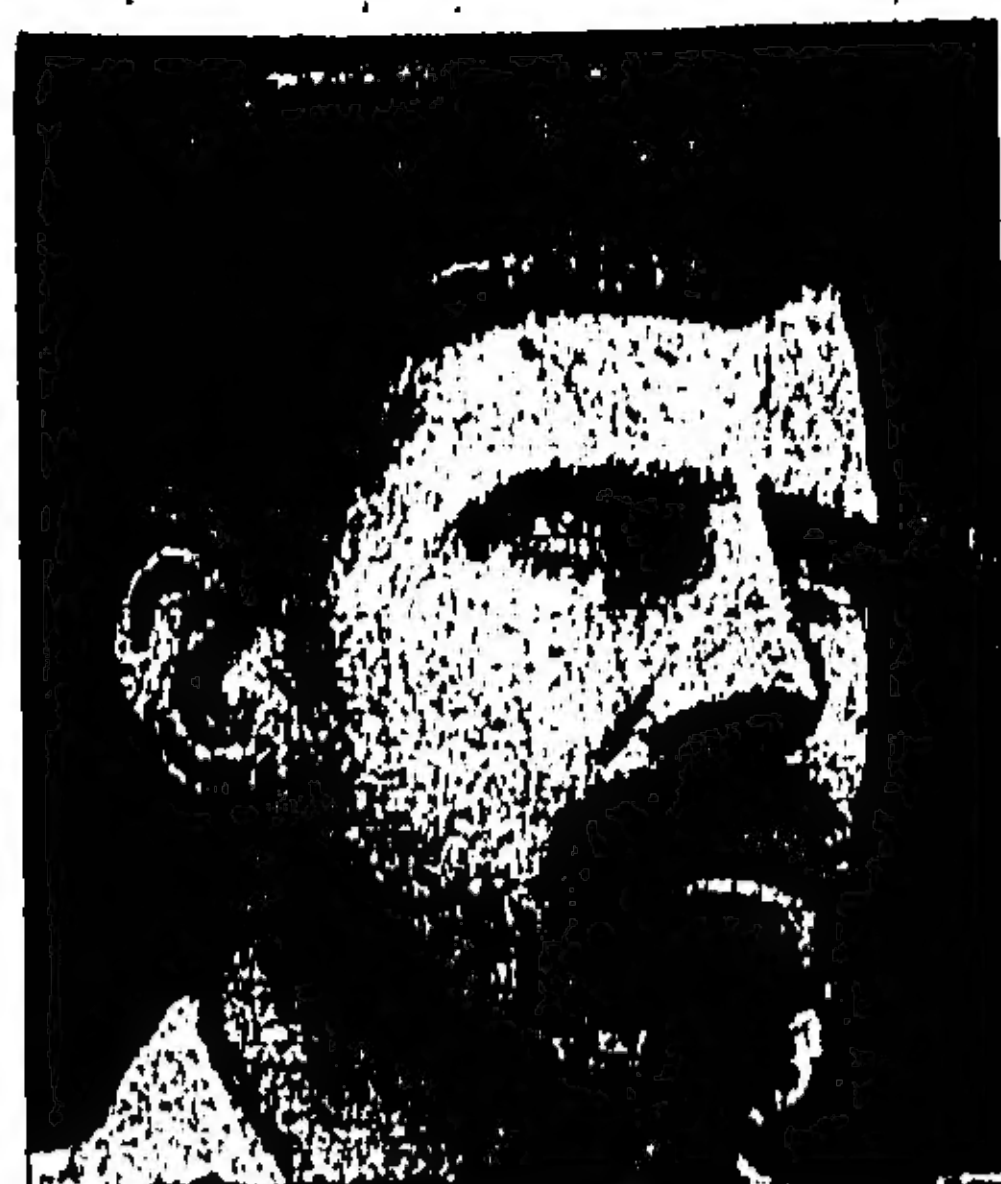
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THE LAST PICTURE TAKEN OF WINGATE
The photographer was an unknown Army officer at Imphal. The picture was taken in a bamboo hut two days before Wingate was killed.

ON the morning of March 19, 1944, Wingate called a conference of war correspondents and, with justification, talked of the triumphant progress of the Chindit operation.

"Everything we set out to do has been done," he said.

A few days after making this statement, Orde Wingate called Colonel Phil Cochran, the American commander of his air arm, to tell him he was off on another tour of the forward areas.

He flew first to Broadway in a Mitchell bomber, escorted by Mustang fighters. Then the party changed to light planes and flew to Aberdeen, where Wingate had a conference with his column commanders. He also visited Brigadier Calvert.

Change of mind

WHEN he got back to Broadway, Orde Wingate immediately put a call through to Cochran asking that the Mitchell bomber which had brought him in should be sent to pick him up. Cochran told him that it was already on its way.

It arrived and took him off without incident, and arrived in

● An aircraft crashed. And in the wreckage they found something that had become a symbol of Wingate and all that he stood for.

A topee in the grass

...IT MARKED A HERO'S END

by Leonard Mosley

the late afternoon at Imphal. He had provisionally planned to spend the night there, but abruptly changed his mind. He decided instead to go on to Lalaghat and talk to Cochran, and asked the pilot, Hodges, to be ready to take off. It was pointed out to him that the weather reports were bad. Hodges suggested that the flight be postponed but Wingate appears to have overruled him.

And so that evening, the Mitchell took off again and flew swiftly through the angry sky. That was the last that the Chindits, or anyone else save God and his fellow passengers, saw of Orde Wingate.

Lieutenant Richard Benjamin, of the U.S. Air Force, was flying home that evening from a bombing strike against the Japanese; over the hills between him and his base at Halikandi he saw a pinpoint of bright light below him.

No one worried too much until the general's plane became overdue, and a swift check on all emergency fields in the area revealed that he had made no call at them, nor radioed his position.

Next morning, at first light, Colonel Allison took off from Lalaghat with Lieutenant Benjamin as his observer, and they passed over the thickly wooded hills. In a small clearing, as they came low, they found wreckage, and it looked like the debris of a large plane. When they returned they made out their report, and a British volunteer force, led by the senior chaplain of the Chindits, immediately set out.

It was a long, difficult, hazardous journey, but they found the remnants at last. There were no survivors. Nor were any of the victims recognisable, for the crash had been violent and had been followed by fire. But they did find two identifications that made them sure that among this charred and pathetic heap were the remains of the man who had once been Orde Wingate.

It was an ironic time that God had chosen for his death. For the first time he had come within scaling distance of the power and military glory for which he had been seeking all through his life; the prestige and the position through which he planned to do so many things.

For once things were going well with him.

And so Orde Wingate, this strange, brooding, perplexing soldier, died in the moment of his greatest military achievement, at the age of 41.

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crashing and that he was going to die. Could this really be the will of God?

And yet might it not be that, cruel though it reads as I write it, the moment of Orde Wingate's death was the right one? That God was being magnanimous?

It was kind...

WINGATE was determined, after the war was over, to involve himself in Israel's struggle for independence, and there seems little doubt that he would have disobeyed the Army's order to stay out of Palestine.

But in the Jewish-Arab War, the vital battle for the establishment of the State of Israel, would the Jews really have chosen Orde Wingate to lead them, as he believed? My own conversations with Jewish leaders and Jewish soldiers make me doubt it. This was a Jewish war for independence which only a Jew could lead.

And that would have been tragic for Orde Wingate. He never, the whole time he was in Palestine, took an order from the Jews but always gave orders and expected obedience to them, no matter how distinguished the soldier or statesman. He insisted on being in command. Would he, or could he, have taken a subordinate position and accepted orders?

As I retraced Wingate's wanderings through Palestine, years after his War of Independence, was over I sensed in a non-Jew, that what the Jews were trying to tell me was that the will of God was kind to Orde Wingate when He let him die in the jungle in Burma in 1944.

The Jews would not have chosen him. And when 1948 and the time to choose the leader came, he may well have died in a more painful way from a broken heart. He was at least spared that.

Instead, it was his spiritual rather than his bodily presence which heartened the Jews when the battle came, and has given them courage and inspiration ever since.

A covenant

AT the height of the Jewish-Arab War his wife came to Israel with her young son. She was down over a Jewish settlement named Yemin Orde (after Wingate) at a moment when it was being attacked by Arabs from Syria. She had Orde Wingate's Bible with her, and wrote in the flyleaf:

"7.5.48. To the Defenders of Yemin Orde. Since Orde Wingate is with you in spirit, though he cannot lead you in the flesh, I send you the Bible he carried in all his campaigns and from which he drew the inspiration of his victories. May it be a covenant between you and him, in triumph or defeat, now and always."

She flung it out of the plane as it was being picked up by the settlers, who fought back and repelled the invaders. And in the ensuing weeks, all over Israel, Jewish soldiers were fighting as he had taught them, with the tactics he had instilled into them.

So, at least in spirit, he did command the armies of Israel when the great battle came. He probably realises now that it was the will of God, and it was better that way.

(WORLD COPYRIGHT)

The Wingate serial has been adapted from GIDEON GOES TO WAR, published by Arthur Barker.

A teenage girl wrote to a Bishop...and that was the beginning of the downfall of Harold Davidson

The Amazing Rector Of Stiffkey

One Of The World Strangest Stories
Told By C.D.T. BAKER-CARR



HAROLD DAVIDSON

"Removed, deposed and degraded"

EVENSONG had just begun in the little parish church at Stiffkey in Norfolk on June 12, 1932. The pews were well filled with village folk and a number of visitors, but the parson was a stranger. He was deputising for the Rector on the orders of his Bishop—for reasons which had been presented to the public under heavy headlines for some weeks.

The Rev. R. H. Cattell was reading the prayers when the church door opened and in walked the Rector himself. The little white-haired figure of the Rev. Harold Davidson exchanged a whispered word with his parish clerk. Certainly he was five minutes late, but he still expected to take the service.

Resolutely he walked the length of the church, knelt for a moment at the altar rail, turned and passed down the chancel to the lectern. There Mr Cattell was about to read the first lesson.

All eyes were on the new-comer—and there was a subdued gasp as the congregation recognised their Rector and realised that well what might follow. Mr Davidson handed a note to the other parson; there was a brief hiatus—and the fight was on. Parishioners watched horrified as Mr Davidson tried forcibly to seize the big Bible.

He succeeded and in a trembling voice read the lesson, while the other cleric stood by turning helplessly before stalking off to the vestry. At the end of the lesson Mr Cattell returned and spoke to the stupefied congregation.

"I am extremely sorry this has happened. It reduces the service to a farce," he said. "I have received orders from my superior officer, the Bishop, to take this service, and that no one else was to take it."

"As comparatively nothing short of force would prevent Mr Davidson from taking part, I can see nothing else to do but to withdraw, as I cannot conscientiously take part in this service with him. If Mr Davidson persists I will retire."

This time there was uproar from the pews. Men and women shouted abuse, or applauded, or stood up waving hymn books.

Mr Davidson stepped forward and with his arms raised shouted, "Please, please remember this is the House of God." Silence was restored. Mr Cattell, the disappointed deputy, acknowledged defeat and walked out of

the church. Mr Davidson took the rest of the service.

What had prompted these astonishing scenes in the sleepy Norfolk village? Why had the Bishop called for a Harrison, earning as much as £1,000 a year.

During adjournments in the trial he gave several such recitals to pay for his defence. Then in September, 1932, during the time between the trial's end and his unroosting he exhibited himself in a giant barrel at Blackpool.

For two weeks a time visitors earned the past at the rate of 1,000 an hour, just to peer at, or perhaps speak to, the Rector through the iron grille and its glass front.

Local dignitaries protested and the police summoned him in his barrel for causing a public nuisance and obstruction. The Chief Constable wanted angry members of the crowd to roll the barrel into the sea.

So that particular exhibition was over. He tried sitting on a chair between two barrels, but local feeling became ugly once more. In October he was back on show, this time in a glass case inside a shop on the sea front. It was still twice as a time and the money was rolling in—to pay old debts and the cost of an appeal to the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The day after his degradation at Norwich he said: "I am going on with this fight. I live to be 100." And he certainly tried.

In 1935 he sat in his glass box and fasted. The police arrested him. He was charged that he "did unlawfully fast with intent to feloniously, wilfully and of his malice aforethought, to kill and murder himself." The charge was thrown out on appeal and he was awarded a handsome contribution to his fighting fund for wrongful arrest.

His immediate reaction—with his eye still on the "front page"—was: "I may undergo another fast for a few days now to establish my right to starve where I like, when I like, and for as long as I like."

He was debarred from performing on the stage by the Variety Artists' Federation, of which he was once self-styled chaplain and member.

After starving he tried "freezing," and after that he tried "roasting"—lying on his side in a glass coffin while an automatically-controlled model of the Devil prodded him with a pitchfork.

The following year, in the summer of 1937, the ex-Rector's wealth was falling. His appeal to the Archbishop had been turned down; his friends were openly calling him a pestilential nuisance, and money was still too short.

(Continued on Page 19, Col. 5)



He preached sermons from the inside of a lions' cage and was mauled to death.

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



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THIS was the wrong type of picture to take, according to the Chinese Communists. It is of a one-eyed man tending a sick child at a small fruit stall in a Canton main street. It was after this picture was taken that my guide remarked: "These are not representative of the Chinese people."—Spurr.

CONCLUDING "THE GARBO STORY" REPORTED ROMANCES WITH MAMOULIAN, COWARD, STOKOWSKI

By MICHAEL RUDDY

Hollywood. In 1934 Garbo made the columns and the headlines again in a reported romance with Rouben Mamoulian, who directed her in "Queen Christina". They were motoring through Arizona, a part of the West she had never seen; of course, this romance was as torrid (so said the Hollywood gossips) as the desert heat in those parts.

In 1936 Garbo was reported "in love" with Noel Coward after they met at a dinner party in Stockholm. "Oh, I'm simply mad about the girl," Mr. Coward was quoted as quipping with a neat play on words of one of the songs he had composed.

It seems they danced a tango together at this party and there was a brief whirlwind of dates. Before he returned to London, he sent her a basket of orchids. Perhaps as a souvenir of their dance together.

Actually it was just a charming meeting for both.

Man Of Music

Next it was a man of music who came into her life. None other than the flamboyant, effulgent conductor, Leopold Stokowski.

In the summer of 1937 Stokowski came to Hollywood to score and conduct the music for a film.

Through Anita Loos ("Gentlemen Prefer Blondes") he met Garbo, gave her a terrific "pitch," and soon the 35-year-old maestro was doing romances with the 32-year-old film star. Great stuff for the columnists and the Sunday feature writers.

Came October of 1937 and Stokowski said: "Miss Garbo has a group of friends, and I am a member of this group. There is positively no question of marriage."

Looking back, I would say he found out quickly, as quickly as he courted the tall Swedish actress, that the simply wasn't in the mood for marriage, no matter what destiny dictated.

In March 1938, Garbo and Stokowski were in Italy, staying at the Villa Cimbrone, near Ravello. It was a Roman holiday for the reporters from Naples and Rome. After being chased and harassed by news photographers and newsmen, Stokowski consented to separate interviews in the library of the villa.

He met the journalists first, curtly denied romance and/or marriage-plans, and left the room.

Fruit Juices

Entered Garbo, wearing a blue gabardine suit, yellow cashmere pullover, a blue silk scarf round her hair.

"No," she replied to questions, "I'm not getting married."

"What about the future? Don't you want to marry some day?"

"I would not know," she replied. There seems to be a law that governs all our actions, so I never make plans." End of interview.

In June of 1939, while she was doing "Ninotchka," under the brilliant guidance of the late Ernst Lubitsch, she met Greta Garbo's diet adviser and living cinema actress, it is obvious enough that you have



Can you recognise her? Garbo, with dark glasses, arriving in Rome.

and beauty-giving properties of vegetable and fruit juices. She happily munched raw carrots and quaffed gallons of celery and pomegranate juice at his bidding.

The fact is Garbo all her life has wanted to do the bidding of a strong-willed man or woman. Lubitsch once told me that Garbo was the easiest, most malleable actress he had ever directed. At the present time, I'm told, she sees three men. Allen Porter, a bachelor fifty-ish, who arranges private showings of her films and any others she wants to see at the Museum of Modern Art; George Schlee, couturier Valentina's husband; and the urbane Baron Erik Goldschmidt-Rothschild, 62, connoisseur of paintings, well-to-do, and certainly with no marriage gleam in his eyes.

Garbo and Baron Rothschild enjoy a pleasant companionship, resolved in dining quietly at expensive restaurants, visits to art exhibits, shopping for art objects on Madison Avenue, and meeting artists and writers.

Living Simply

In 1952—summer, I believe it was—the spent some time with Cecil Beaton, who had photographed her during his American visits. It was through him that she met Princess Margaret—apparently a mutually pleasant experience.

Will she return to Hollywood? "I'm sure she will," says her old friend and my neighbour, Harry Crocker, "and she's always welcome at my house." But I don't think she'll ever make another movie.

Why should she? At the end of this year, a trust fund established for her by her manager, Harry Edington, now dead, will mature.

A financial expert tells me she will collect the equivalent of \$30,000 a year for the rest of her life.

Living simply as she does in New York, this should satisfy her needs. With this income she can live her own life.

Happily? As happily as a woman, born and brought up in a Stockholm slum, knows how to live it.

In December of 1937 a leading American theatrical and film critic wrote in an open letter to Garbo:

"If you have become today—Ernst Lubitsch, she met Greta Garbo's diet adviser and living cinema actress, it is obvious enough that you have

accomplished this against tremendous odds.

"Your graces might well have proved to be dangers to you, since those in charge of your destiny, the people you were working for, charmed by your special radiation, and feeling how useful such attraction was in building up a presence on the screen, could so nearly have persuaded you to let it go at that...."

"In the American cinema, Miss Garbo, you are the most marked instance of glamour before the public. The moment you appear on the screen, you establish a new vibration and a particular challenge. To an actress, glamour is a special gift. This you have. In 'Camille' you have committed yourself most positively. You have become that rare instrument—a natural medium for the expression of poetry."

Renaissance

Across the United States, an extraordinary Garbo renaissance is going on. And it was climaxed recently with the gift to Garbo of an honorary Academy Award, a golden statuette, delivered by Nancy Kelly (who accepted it for her behalf) in New York at Garbo's flat.

From 1929 to 1941, when she made the ill-fated "Two-Faced Woman," Garbo had a series of artistic triumphs in her films.

Generally, her films were not profitable in the United States. In Europe and in Britain, in Australia and South America, they were enormous successes.

Before MGM Studios released "Camille" and "Ninotchka," they took a survey of teenagers in ten cities. The public poll revealed that the majority had not heard of Garbo and weren't interested in learning about her. "I don't dig this cat," one teenager said in the idiom. "Who's this crazy Garbo?" Not typical, but revealing.

Yet thousands of teenagers have since seen Greta Garbo in "Camille" and "Ninotchka," and another poll has disclosed that many are enthusiastic over her freshness, with the exception of Robert Taylor, who looks rather youthful as her lover, in the make-up of the thirties, "Camille" could well be a current motion picture.

Leading Men

And her leading men? Robert Taylor is at present playing "Quentin Durward." Lew Ayres, semi-retired, is busy editing his colour film on the world's great religions—a work which he filmed himself, and will take on a lecture tour.

Antonio Moreno, one of her early leading men, does an occasional film, has made a fortune out of real estate. In television, Adolphe Menjou could retire, but doesn't want to.

John and Lionel Barrymore are dead; so is Wallace Beery of "Annie Christie" and "Grand Hotel" fame.

Nils Asther? He is in Europe. Ricardo Cortez? Retired, wealthy, looks after his investments. Charles Hickford? You'll see him next in "Not As A Stranger."

He was a Garbo leading man in 1930. Basil Rathbone, classic British actor, was with her in "Anna Karenina." He lives in New York, comes to Hollywood mostly for semi-regular roles as in "The Court Jester." Danny Kaye recently completed role of Sam.

But Garbo has not filmed since 1941. (Continued)

THIS PICTURE GOT ME INTO TROUBLE

THE plain clothes man should have been a warning. He picked me up at the Communist station across the Hongkong border.

I hardly noticed him, slipping patiently through pamphlets on the propaganda bookstall. But when the Canton train came in he took the next seat and stretches out asleep.

At least he seemed asleep. Each time I glanced his way, his eyelids fluttered.

He was so obviously a policeman, he carried no luggage. And that's something a travelling Chinese is never without.

Still, this was my second visit to China. The first time in January had been in the middle of the Tachin crisis.

Now Peking was glowing with peace and goodwill—policeman or no, things would be easier.

I was never more mistaken. China had changed in the past five months. The war drums had been silenced, but a new hymn of hate was being ground out by the busy propaganda machines.

Counter-revolutionaries, not American imperialists, were the main enemy. And a new purge was getting into high gear. Everyone was suspect. Especially a rather over-

"They are as representative as everything else," I replied. Mistake number three. I was reported to the Secret Police for "unreliable conversation."

I learned what happened afterwards from foreign Communists in Peking.

The Secret Police sent an urgent signal to the Communist capital describing the activities of an apparently dangerous character. They demanded the immediate confiscation of my equipment.

LOSING FACE

The Foreign Ministry summoned me with some embarrassment. It was on their recommendation that I got my second visa; the first ever granted to a European reporter. They now stood to lose a lot of face.

The Liaison Officer shamefacedly cooked up a story about Correspondents being allowed only a limited amount of photographic equipment. Since my case was "rather complicated" would I please take my cameras immediately to the Secret Police Headquarters?

Two more plain clothes men were awaiting me with relish. They checked in the cameras and cross-questioned me about my supplies of film.

It took a very unpleasant hour and a half.

In the end they took the recorder too, without explanation.

RUSSELL SPURR falls foul of the Secret Police in the People's China

Confident British correspondent festooned with cameras and a particularly sinister machine.

The plain clothes man sat up with a jerk when I first spoke into mid-air. The train was rolling towards Canton, and I noticed the village watch towers glowing mellow in the afternoon sunshine.

I turned on the small wire recorder which hung like a camera from my shoulder and dictated a note of two into the tiny microphone attached to my shirt.

The policeman watched warily the rest of the journey as I sat blithely dictating. Next morning, I met him coming out of my hotel room. When I got upstairs I found my room had been searched.

The only word I was ever able to get was "I had infringed the security regulations of the State."

I was allowed to keep the films I had taken in Canton. It was hinted they could be handed in for development "if I wished" but I refused.

Just as a precaution I packed them into my hair oil packing carton. The cuttings from Communist newspapers and propaganda cartoons dealing with the new purge were concealed in books and pamphlets in my luggage.

I got the cameras back at the Hongkong frontier. They were still sealed with the small red stamp of the Peking Secret Police.

But I nearly lost the films.

The Customs Officer asked "Have you any exposed films?" "No," I said.

"Where are they?" "I gave them to a friend," I lied. "He sailed from Shanghai early this week."

The Customs Official looked surprised. "Why did you do that?"

"I wanted to get them out ahead of me for quick development. Did I do anything wrong?"

He began to search my baggage, lunging straight for the toilet case that contained the hair oil carton.

I began to wonder what kind of confession I would have to make.

"That's only my shaving gear," I said a little hoarsely.

THESE are the type of pictures the Chinese Communists wanted me to take. Happy model workers heading on an ornamental lake, and more happy model workers playing soccer in the new sports stadium in a Canton suburb.—Spurr.



He went on to the suitcases licence," he said. "You must and after a half hearted search observe our regulations in stood watching while I snapped future."

"You shouldn't have sent those in polished tin hats.—(End of films away without an export Series. Copyright).

SO DID THESE. The top picture of a food vendor was taken along the Canton waterfront. A working man having his meagre lunch of two ounces of rice and a spot of green veg. Below are two seamstresses at work on a pavement.—Spurr.



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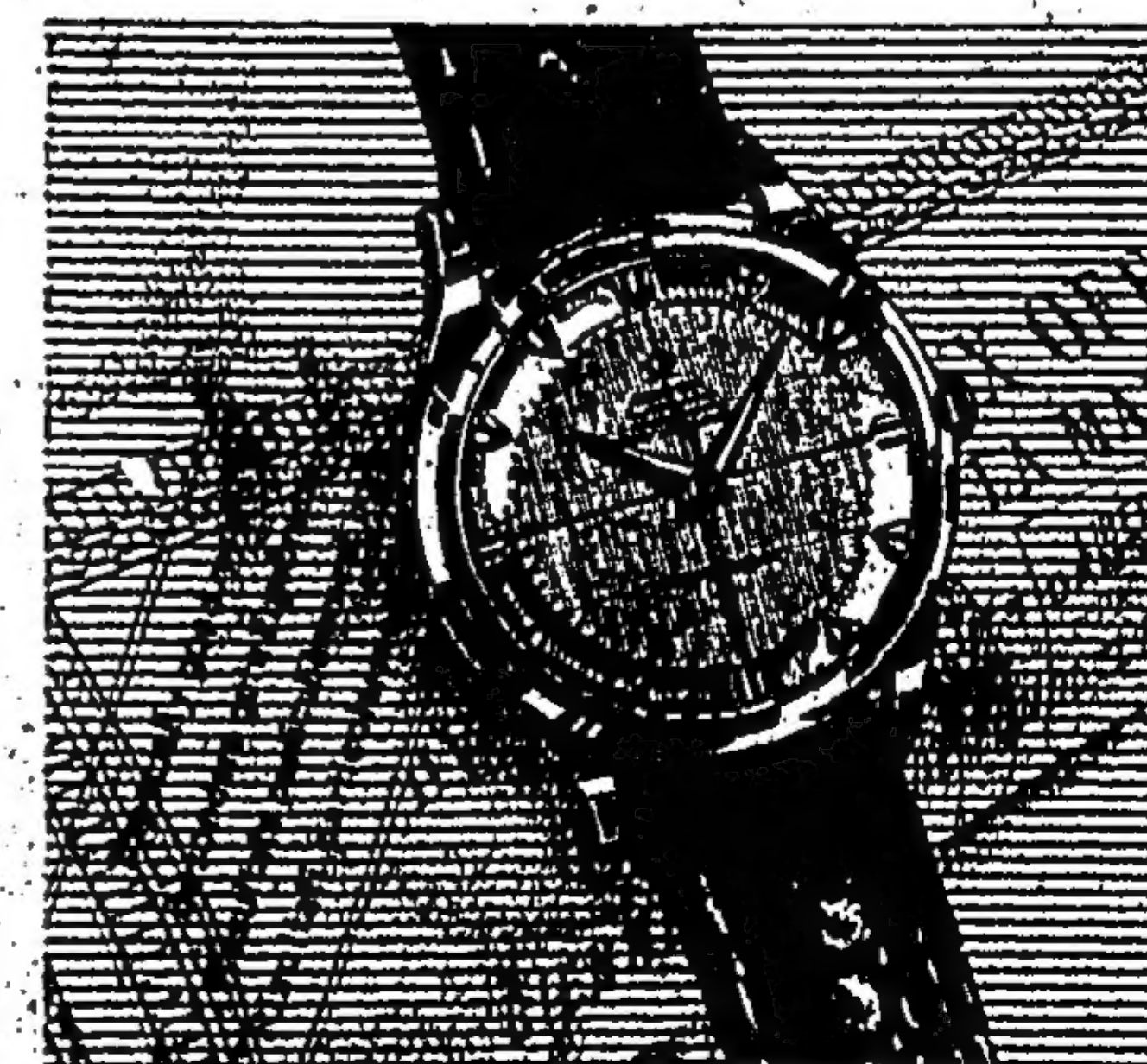


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I take a trip to the most hated place in the world

For a matter of 68, you can take an excursion train from the old Polish capital of Krakow to a small Silesian village which is nothing except that it bears the most hated name in the world.

It is called Auschwitz. Here are the remains of a prison camp which became, perhaps, the greatest infamy of our age. Here 4,000,000 people of 28 nations died miserably or were killed by men of the German S.S. Corps.

Neither Belsen, Dachau nor any other wartime camp can match this holocaust, and memories of how these people came here is dividing many of their descendants in Israel today.

GROVE without birches

It is a pleasant walk from the little country station, past fields where the corn stalks are bowed with their weight of grain.

But knowledge of what happened beyond the bend of this lane oppresses the heart intolerably.

Of the three camps in which this legion of Jewish and Polish men, women, and children died, the first, enclosing 40,000

by KENNETH MACAULAY



For where the line ends and on each side of it were gas chambers and crematoria.

In an official account of Auschwitz just published by the Polish Government, a survivor named Jakob Gordon from Vilna says he arrived in a train carrying 3,650 people on June 22, 1943.

Three thousand three hundred of the people on that train walked straight into the gas chambers. Among them were his wife, his four-year-old son, his father and mother.

No birch trees grow there.

The red brick entrance to this camp is long, narrow, and sinister. The Nazis never intended that it should look otherwise for, by a ghastly irony, countless thousands of Jews and Hungary and Austria willingly packed up their traps and came to Auschwitz in the confident belief that they were leaving the danger areas of Europe behind them and journeying to a rest camp in a safe corner of Poland.

The railway that brought them across Europe passes through an arch like the entrance to the yard of an old coaching inn. Two hundred yards beyond this gate these people paid for their disillusion with their first, enclosing 40,000

men at a time, is completely destroyed.

The second held 30,000 men in barracks built for the Polish Army. The third, which contained 30,000 women and children, was partly demolished by the retreating Germans. It is called Birkenau—the birch grove.

THE tripper from Krakow walks through this innocent-looking gateway into wide green lanes dividing the brick-built huts.

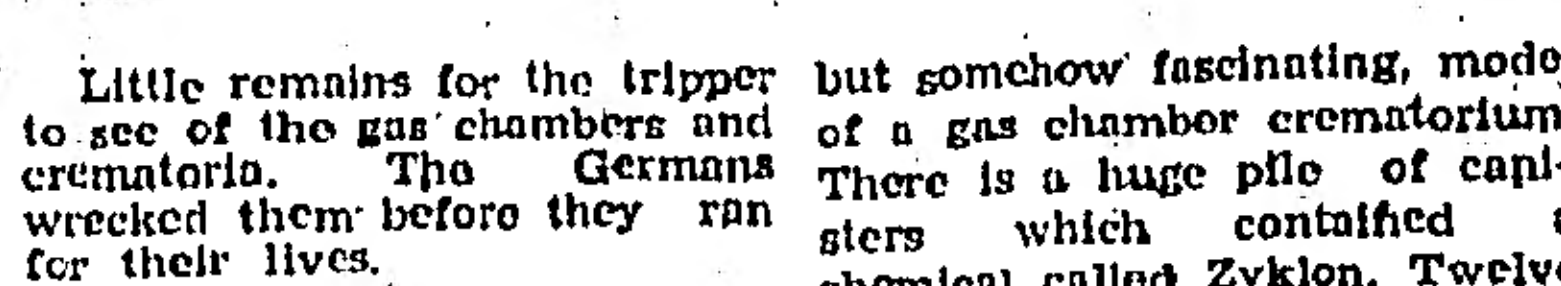
A young Pole, Theodore Thomas, who was only 13 when this place was built, led the way into one of the huts, 45 yards long by 14 yards wide. Along each wall and occupying the centre space of the building were trays 6ft. square in tiers of three.

These were the bunks. In each tray slept 12 women who had six inches of bare board on which to lie. The weakest crawled into the lowest berth awash with mud and filth. Only the stronger could make the effort to reach the upper bunks, 4ft. and 6ft. above the floor.

This hut was shelter for 1,200. It was heated through the bitter Polish winter by two brick stoves hardly big enough to boil a nightwatchman's tea can.

BUNKS like trays

AUSCHWITZ—THE GATES THAT LED ONLY TO DEATH



Above the gates a sign... "Freedom through work"

Little remains for the tripper to see of the gas chambers and crematoria. The Germans wrecked them before they ran for their lives.

But you can peer about among the ruins if you like and trace the ferocious ingenuity with which the Germans worked. They say that the record was 24,000 people gassed and burned in one day.

You leave the camp through a gate in the electrified barbed wire fence—on which women prisoners in countless numbers threw themselves to escape the horror that awaited them when they became too ill or too weak to work.

Auschwitz village children have damaged the wire somewhat in recent times, crawling through in chase of butterflies. Beyond the gate and last to catch the eye is a large and sombre stone urn whose inscription declares it to be the people of Israel. Here are enclosed the ashes of the last victims to be destroyed before the crematoria fires went out.

It is moving in its simplicity and symbolism. The railway track ends abruptly at the very foot of this urn, so that death stands now and for all time at the end of the line—just as it did 10 and more years ago for the millions who were brought to this place.

MUSEUM so gruesome

ONE turns away. Sensibilities are numbed. The wickedness of it all staggers the mind. But there is much more to come.

Behind the double wire that encloses the other remaining cage at Auschwitz is a museum that should haunt the conscience of mankind for ever. The exhibits are arranged in four double-storey barrack-buildings. There is a gruesome,

but somehow fascinating, model of a gas chamber crematorium. There is a huge pile of capsterns which contained a chemical called Zyklon. Twelve tons of this generated enough hydrogen cyanide gas to kill 2,000 people.

But one is not prepared for the scene on the next floor. Here, in a great room and behind an expanse of glass as big as four Oxford Street shop windows put together, are the pitiful personal possessions of thousands who died at Auschwitz.

Countless battered suitcases, bags, and grips bearing the names of those who were duped by the rest camp promise stare from behind the glass.

CORN, NOW for company

NOTHING at Auschwitz tears so much at the heart as this. But there is yet more. Here is a pile of perhaps 10,000 shaving brushes, and here a long row of artificial limbs and crutches taken from the lame after they had limped to choking death.

It was quite dark outside. A brilliant Cyclops' eye shone from a watchtower searchlight. One's shadow grew fantastically longer and longer on the wall between the lines of Lombardy poplars, with the darkened prison buildings keeping ordered rank in the rear.

There was no sound but the stumbling of feet on the rough stone road. An engine on the death railway hooted far away. Outside the camp and back on the road to this place of four million dead the corn stalks were still in procession, and one was glad of their company. (COPYRIGHT)

LEONARD MOSLEY, back from Venice, reports a lovely new face on the Lido... and the year's most striking film 'double'

Another GRACE! Another KELLY!

I MET her in Venice on a quick trip to Italy last week-end—a gay girl with an exquisite figure, a sensitive mouth, a voice like a dove, and the friendliest and most expressive eyes I have ever seen.

Her name is Jacqueline Collard. She is the answer to the Italian film industry's prayer, and wherever film folk gather in Rome or on the Lido these days everyone calls her Italy's Grace Kelly.

The parallels are striking. LIKE KELLY, Jacqueline comes from a rich, talented, and striking handsome family.

Her tall, dark father was born in Belgium and is today one of the richest men in Italy. His firm controls factories, shops, chains of hotels. Her fair-haired mother is a fascinating and charming woman, and her 19-year-old sister is a delicately lovely blonde.

LIKE KELLY she went to the best schools in Florence and Switzerland, toured Europe, turned up at the right times at all the fashionable summer and winter resorts. She speaks Italian, French, and English fluently.

HER REPLY

LIKE KELLY, she went into films against her parents' wishes.

The first time she was introduced to a director, he offered her a part. "Don't worry about not knowing anything about it," he said. "I am the Pygmalion of the



COMPARE KELLY AND COLLARD



Jacqueline Collard above. Grace Kelly left. The same sparkle in the eyes, the same firm chin, the same Nice Girl look. And behind the faces, the same Rich Girl story.

Says Charles Fawcett, an American actor who stars with her in the film: "It's astounding to see her in the part. Here's a girl who is so graceful in real life she could be a mannequin. But when she walks in the film she walks like a country girl would—flatly, solidly."

NO FAKE TEARS

"In one scene, Jacqueline's supposed to run towards the camera, crying. She really cried as she did it—no fake tears but real, heart-breaking sobs. "And you know what Italians are. By the time she got to the camera, why, there we all were, director, camera-men, extras, lookers-on—all crying our hearts out, too." There seems no doubt that Jacqueline Collard can now have the career in films she wants. If she wants it. But like Kelly again, she is an independent girl. The parts will have to please her if the film men want her to play them. When you have talent, charm, intelligence, and a rich family too, you can afford to choose your own path to fame. (COPYRIGHT)

JILL CRAIGIE asks a question that must occur to every housewife at some time or other....

WHAT IS A GOOD WIFE WORTH?

- More than rubies, said Solomon
- Much less than husbands-to-be, say juries

IT is cheaper to steal a wife from someone else than to have second thoughts about your own sweetheart. You are less likely to land up in the red with a married woman than you are with a spinster. It is less costly to break up a marriage than an engagement.

Those who have secretly cherished this view might like to know that it is upheld in law. Such is the Alice-in-Wonderland state of our litigation in dealing with emotion. A comparison between actions for breach of promise and enticement proves conclusively that wives are rarely valued as highly as are potential husbands.

Declined In Value

In a world of rising costs, it might even be said that a wife is the one commodity which has slightly declined in value. This despite the shortage of servants and women's increased earning capacity.

Way back in 1745 Mrs Mary Winsmore was induced, as they say, by Mr Greenbank to leave her husband. The jury awarded

Mr Winsmore £3000. The price was high even for those days. But Mrs Winsmore died, leaving £30,000, before the case was over. No one could have denied that Mr Winsmore had lost something of commercial value.

Ever since Solomon men have tried to assess the value of wives. He rated them far above rubies. Since the case of Winsmore v. Greenbank, English judges and juries have stepped in where Solomon feared to tread. They seem to have set a limit to the value of a wife round about £2,000. Whereas in actions for breach of promise a potential husband might be asked as high as £11,000, even £2,000 for an enticed wife is on the high side. The average is nearer £200.

When a fisherman, George Henry Fricker, claimed £1,500 from a man he believed to have enticed away his wife, Mr Cornhillson, Tenby, Morris, QC, said it was far too much. In assessing the value of Mrs Fricker in pounds, shillings and pence, he considered £100 was enough on the ground that it was not "a glamorous enticement"—just an everyday story.

Consider the case of Mr Devlin. You would think the triangle situation resulting from the arrival of a lodger was also an everyday story. Yet when Mr Devlin claimed that he and his wife were perfectly happy until the lodger arrived he was not even awarded £100. His lot was a farthing damages, without costs.

Exact Degree

"There must be real pressure on an unwilling or hesitating woman to justify such an action," said Mr Justice Talbot. If justice is to be done, it would seem that only a psychic jury could possibly assess the exact degree of pressure or reluctance since these are usually practised in private. As the law stands a weak-willed woman who is likely to succumb to outside pressure is considered of far greater value than one who knows her own mind.

Whether weak-willed or strong-willed, there is one kind of woman who really simplifies an action for enticement. It is a good cook. The wife with a hard for "Tournadose a la Bearnaise need not appear to be

either unwilling or hesitating for the husband to be awarded comparatively high damages. Such a case does not qualify as a mere everyday story. It goes straight into the "glamorous enticement" class, perhaps because good cooks are so rare.

The case of Mr Parker, upholder against Mr Harris, proves this point. After the death of his wife Mr Harris was in the habit of dining with the Parkers. He constantly praised Mrs Parker's cookery. He also brought her groceries. Mr Parker, Mrs Parker left home and became his housekeeper. Taking 75 minutes to sum up, Mr Justice Cassels said that it was a tragedy that Mr Parker had lost a wife who was a good cook and housekeeper. He pointed out that it was no use a husband writing in a diary that he had a wife in a million if he did not tell it to the wife as well. Despite this rebuke, Mr Parker was awarded £500 damages, enough to employ a really good cook for a year or two.

If by now, women are slightly deflated by their low rating in law, men have nothing to shout about. As Prince Charming

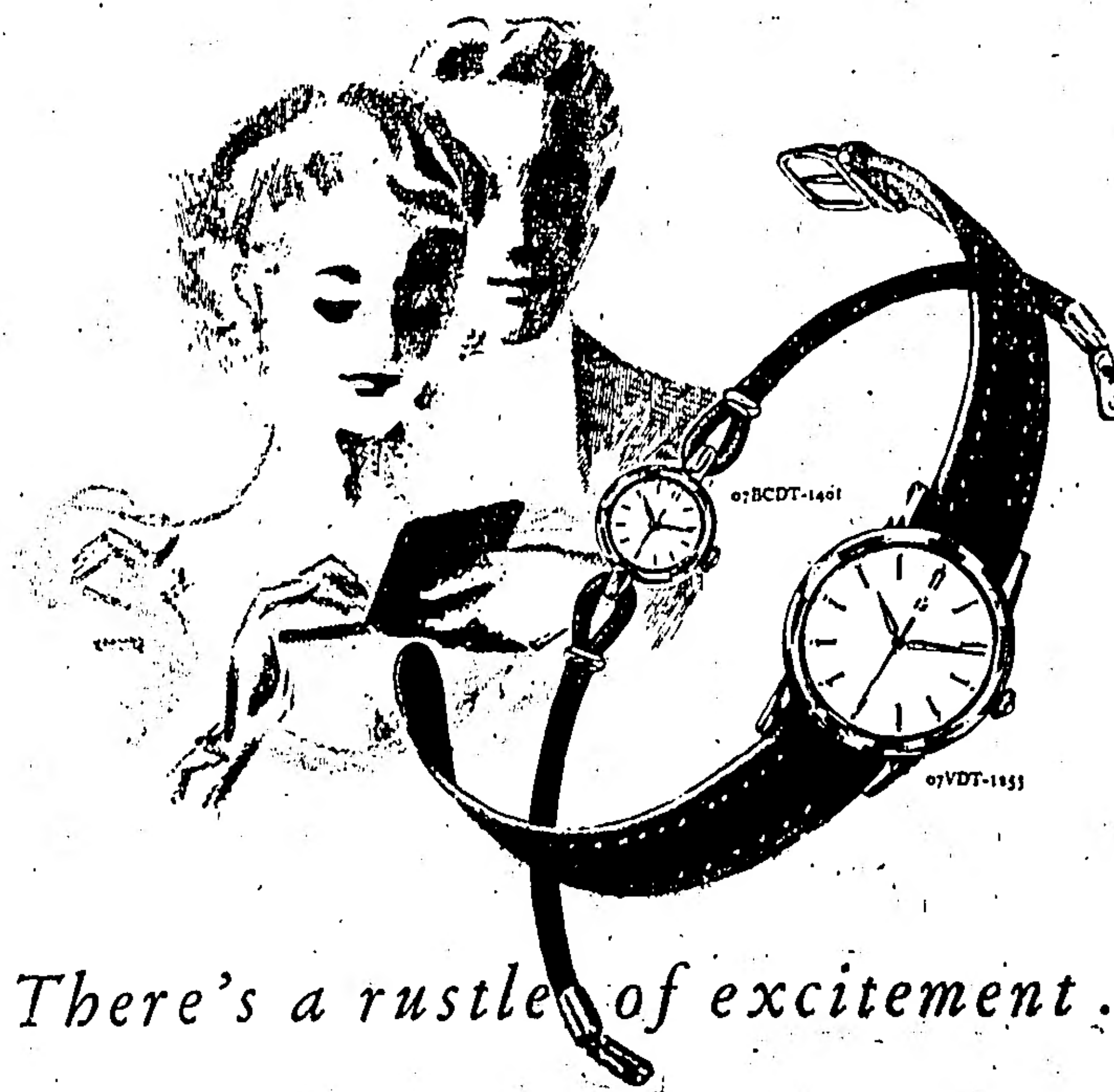
about to be married, their loss is considered a knock-out blow. As husbands, judges and juries hardly know what to make of them. Time and again the woman who uses another woman for enticement of her husband has been awarded three to four thousand pounds damages only to have it halved, quartered or reduced to a farthing on appeal.

Perhaps the attitude of most people has been best expressed by Mr Justice Hilbery. "It seems such a pity," he said, when Mrs Spector claimed damages against Mrs Soll alleging the luring away of her husband, "to deal with unhappiness of this kind by means of litigation."

Who To Blame?

All the world knows that in relationships between men and women to be legally in the right is not necessarily to be morally in the right. Who can possibly assess the causes of falling in and out of love? Considering how often frustration in love is physical in origin how can judges and juries know who is to blame, if that is, blame can ever be fairly attributed solely to one of the partners?

In allowing people to seek monetary compensation for the loss of a mate, marriage is not only degraded but the administration of justice becomes a farce. (COPYRIGHT)



There's a rustle of excitement...

Women as well as men are "moving up" to self-winding Eterna-Matics, the watches with a future and a flair. These aristocrats of automatic timepieces combine elegance and classic simplicity with quality and technical superiority. It is no secret that automatic watches keep time more accurately than stemwinders. But the Eterna-Matic for men as well as women excels—even among selfwinders. Known as "the watchmaker's watch", it owes its enduring precision to its unique system of automatic winding on a ballbearing that makes it the most modern watch in the world.

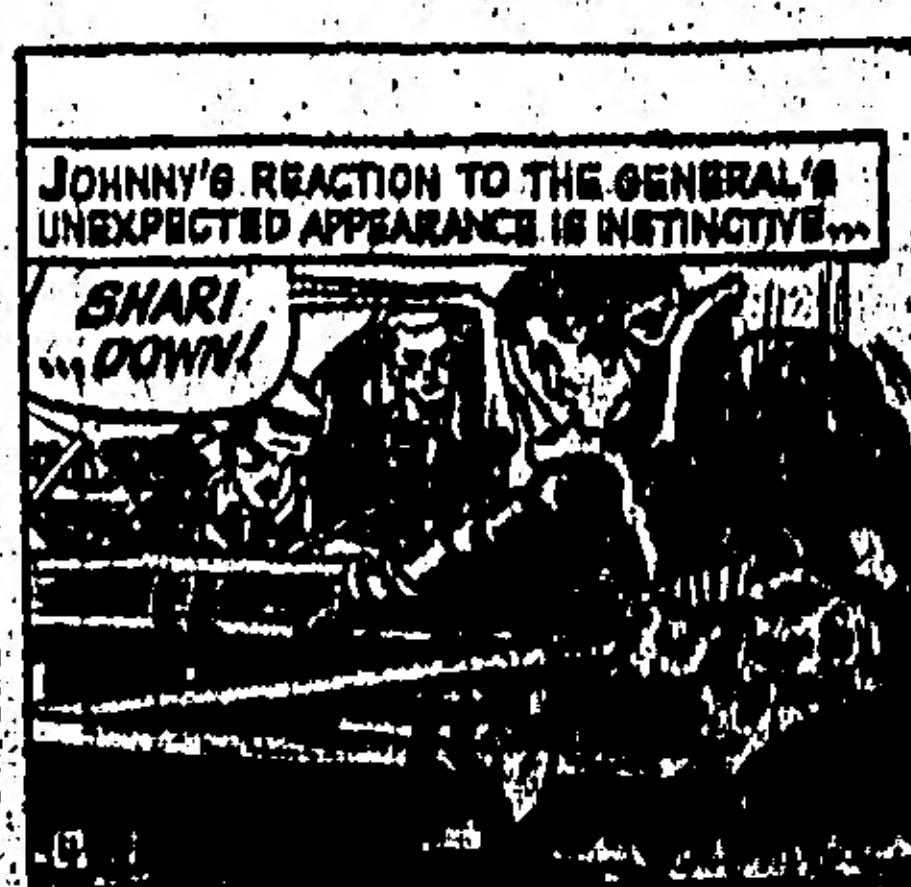
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JOHNNY HAZARD



...this situation calls for a San Miguel

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

What Paris Did To The Fisher Girl

BEFORE IN 1953



Starting off my Paris fashion alphabet with.....

And THE LESSON BEHIND
HER NEW NAME... ORCHID

I BRING back from Paris today a story with a moral for all English girls: the story of the new Most Beautiful Girl in Paris.

She is MONA SIMON. Her picture is on the right. She is pale and mysterious, long and thin, with coiled red hair and cool green eyes.

Two years ago Mona Simon was a fisher girl who lived in Brittany, lanky and long-haired, pretty but undistinguished—the girl whose picture is on the left.

One day she came to Paris—and learned the French Rule of Beauty. Then she went for a job at BALEN-CHAGA (the famous designer)—and learned the French Rule of Dress. In Paris the rules are these: "Be what you

are. Don't try to look like the next girl."

So because she is long and pale and thin, she makes herself look longer and paler and thinner. She uses pale make-up; she coils her hair off her neck to show off her long, thin nose and her long, thin neck; she dresses to emphasize her long, thin figure.

Today they say of the little fisher girl: "She looks like an orchid. She is so different from the others."

The moral is this: In England the beauty people and the dress people have only one standardised ideal girl in mind, and every woman is measured against her.

In England, I suspect, Mademoiselle Simon would still look like the girl on the left.

AFTER IN 1955



PICTURE BY RUBIN

ANNE EDWARDS

A for A lines And now, Twenty-six Tips That Paris Taught Me—from A to Z

A for A lines as the Paris model girls wear them when they are off duty, quite a different affair from the A lines they wear when they are modelling the clothes the famous designers make.

Once out of the salon, off come those bodices too tight to breathe in, skirts too tight to walk in. On go their own clothes, which are just as chic and far more comfortable.

THE DRAWING shows how two of the best-known mannequins in Paris use the French woman's talent for selecting and adapting new fashions. Lucky (right) wears a modified A line: one of the new Cashmere sweaters—loose, hip length, and scarlet, with a straight skirt in charcoal grey.

Lia (left) ignores the A line altogether, wears a white poplin shirt with a full linen skirt striped in grey and white; flat scurlet shoes; and a scarlet belt.

B for Boat trips in little glass-sided steamers which sail down the Seine (this used to be considered very tourist stuff; now it is chic). You sit at a



DRAWN IN PARIS BY PIERRE SIMON

"I don't know what the women think of it," said the taxi driver, "but the men like C for Coup do soleil (hair brightening) the way they do it now. So many different strands are bleached over your head that it gives the effect of an all over lightening. It takes time, it costs money, but goodness, how pretty it is."

D for Danish restaurant, the new, smartest place to have lunch in Paris. Which goes to show how easily the French fall for what is new, even to the extent of swapping their own delicious steak bearnaise for Danish salami on bread.

D for Dietrich, noted three times in Paris, each time in the same beige-coloured suit.

E for Empire. An industrial Empire is hanging on to the Dior coat-tails... glove manufacturers, stocking manufacturers, lipstick, scent, button, umbrella, jewel, handbag, shoe and fabric manufacturers.

They were all there last week watching his shows, each holding out his cap for a new idea

that would bring the money his way.

And sure enough, the ideas came along, sequinned shoes, paler stockings, apricot gloves in washable dooskin, white and bronze pearls....

F for Entree which is new to me. A dish of baby mushroom dipped in egg and bread-crumbs, fried in butter and served with sauce tartare.

F for Famous last words which have a special significance in Paris: "That looks a nice, cheap, little restaurant, let's go there." "Run on ahead, dear, and keep the train for Auntie." "We're quite safe here, we're on a zebra crossing." "He said he wanted to practise his English."

G for Girl in a corset shop who helped to settle France's long-standing political grudge against America by deliberately squashing a large woman from Wyoming into a corset that was miles too small and making her buy it.

H for Hair style the young French girls are wearing—it is

named the Brigitte Bardot style, after the film star who started the craze. The hair is fringed on to the face in front and then twisted up into a bun high at the back.

I for Inches which are ON the hemline. Wherever you go to buy a dress in Paris, they tell you that long skirts 13in. from the ground are most elegant.

J for Jackets in bright coloured felt which sell in the shops for £2 10s.

K for Kingfisher blue, the colour that every dress-designer showed.

L for Left bank students who wear the new Marlon Brando haircut—brushed forward on to the face all round.

M for Melon—instead of a slice they serve a whole melon with the top sliced off and a spoonful of port inside.

N for New blouses which are draped and dressy in chiffon and jersey.

O for Oh! for a good cup of tea. The one kitchen still that still eludes the French.

P for Pearls nail varnish—still the craze.

P for Pleated skirts in every variation; fine Pleats, knife Pleats, accordion Pleats, in every material from fine cotton to flannel—and every Price level too.

Q for Queens. Why is it that when smart French friends take you to a smart new restaurant it always has a strictly suburban British name, like the one that has just opened called Queens?

R for Raincoats in proofed poplin—palest pink or lemon yellow—which the girls wear as summer coats.

S for Sweetpeas—when you buy them in Paris, the flower shops always arrange them in a bouquet, one colour in the centre and the others ringed round.

S for Stoles—still in fashion for day and evening.

S for Self-service at the big stores—the only cheap meal I found in Paris—two saucages and salad, French bread and wine, chocolate gateau, 2s.

T for Tables with black metal frames which you top with coloured tiles (easy to replace a broken tile or two).

U for Un-British—the word I used to describe a film which is drawing the Paris

FOLKLORE IN FASHION

Symbols taken from Sicilian and Sardinian folklore are among the many attractive pattern motifs of wool fabrics that are being used in the current Italian boutique collections.

By GINA POPESINA

NOT only were the Italian fashion boutique collections as bright and sparkling as ever this year, but their method of presentation was equally guaranteed to attract the attention of the most hardened fashion reporter.

For instance Emilio had three pretty mannequins skillfully howling a big wheel from a Sicilian cart over the silver carpet of the platform in the White Hall of the Petit Palace in Florence. This was to emphasise the fact that the designs on the fabrics he had used in his collection were inspired by Sicilian folklore. Big wheels like these were printed on a number of textiles.

Another gimmick that he used was to have the model girls carrying slender columns draped in textiles printed with a design based on Sicilian mosaic patterns. The mannequins placed the columns on the platform, then turned gracefully round to show off the full skirts which they modelled; these, incidentally, were made out of the same printed fabric.

HAND-WOVEN

Valditore from Florence made great use of hand-woven wool textiles for casual tailored clothes, combining them with other fabrics such as tweeds, plaids and striped or checked wools. Suits and overcoats were cut on straight, simple lines. Two-piece ensembles had long bodices and full, box-pleated skirts.

Crochet edging was used as trimming on the collars and cuffs of some jackets, while an interesting seven-eighths length coat was entirely hand-crocheted in thick white wool flecked with sparkling beads.

The most eye-catching garments in the collection of Myricae were some very feminine and romantic blouses in light wool muslin, printed in exclusive designs. These were trimmed either by a pleated band or by a frill of lace all round beneath the bustline, giving the effect of a very short skirt. Edging was also used as trimming on these blouses.

Also very interesting in this collection were the full, gored skirts in large-grained tweeds, the fabric of which was stressed by geometric or arabesque patterns embroidered in thick braids of black wool.

Paisley-patterned printed wool textiles were favoured by Gianni in Milan for tapered trousers worn with very plain blouses in black jersey and for full skirts with flowing pleats worn with low décolleté blouses in lightweight wool jersey.

PERFECT CUT

Another designer who turned to folklore for inspiration—this time from Sardinia—was Umba, who used it for the designs for hand-woven wool textiles.

Perfect cut and faultless making distinguished the collection of Avolio. He used much wool jersey and felt. The plainness and simplicity of his models was underlined by double seams of the double-breasted fastenings and armholes and on the pockets and half belts. The latter were sometimes fixed and sometimes removable.

One of the most attractive ensembles in this collection consisted of a suit in lightweight Shetland wool thinly checked in fuchsia and green and a full, loose coat of resida green wool. The elongated jacket of the suit was edged in the plain fabric of the coat.

The bulk of the collection at Spagnoli consisted of slender tailored suits in thick knitwear. These were designed in collaboration with one of Italy's foremost designers, thus bringing the couture touch to clothes of a reasonable price.

BEAUTIFUL SKIRTS

Mina showed the best knit-wear ensembles in any boutique collection which I saw. Very attractive was a blue and white striped jacket with large pockets at the sides, accentuating the straight, elongated line. There were some beautiful skirts in wool fabrics at Bertoli. They were trimmed in a variety of different ways—by bands of Scotch plaid, knitwear braiding, embroidery and by frilled ribbons. These were worn with simple jersey blouses with novel-shaped necklines and symbols.



EMILIO: This dress is in midnight blue light wool fabric. A saak of yellow dotted surah is slotted through the round décolleté neckline and the tie ends fall to the hemline.

MYRICA: The top sketch shows a skirt in heavy, hand-woven black and white tweed embroidered with stripes of bright knotted wool cord. This is worn with a blouse of black jersey. The lower sketches show a romantic little blouse in printed wool muslin with a pleated frill all round beneath the bust that looks like a tiny pleated skirt.

BERTOLI: This very original skirt consists of narrow bands of red, blue and white Scotch plaid and hand-woven wool. The dark blue light wool jersey blouse has a high, wide neckline ending in a bow on the shoulder.

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STARS of the Chinese Amateur Swimming Association championships at Kennedy Town. In centre above is Cheung Kin-man, the men's champion. With him are the finalists in the 100 metres freestyle—Wan Siu-ming (right) and Wong Fu-shun. Right: Miss Fung Ying-chi, the girls' champion, is standing on the left. With her is Miss Tsui Siu-ling. (Staff Photographer)



HIS Excellency the Governor and Lady Grantham being received by Mr N. T. Assomull, President of the India Association, and Mrs Assomull on their arrival at the Peninsula Hotel last Monday for the Commonwealth Luncheon. Mr Victor Mamak is second from left. (Staff Photographer)



MEMBERS of the Hongkong Concert Orchestra practising hard in the Radio Hongkong Concert Hall for their Prom, to be given at the Ritz tomorrow evening. (Staff Photographer)



LEAVING St John's Cathedral after their wedding are Mr and Mrs Ivan Shaffer. The bride was formerly Miss Norma Sullivan. Both bride and groom are from Australia. (Staff Photographer)



MRS Eleanor Roosevelt, widow of the famous wartime American President, smilingly answers questions at the press conference she gave at the Peninsula Hotel. (Staff Photographer)



MISS Ho Chung-chung, Headmistress of the True Light Girls' Middle School, speaking at the stonelaying of the new Primary School building last week. The new building is part of the School's extensive scheme on Taihang Road. (Staff Photographer)

RIGHT: At the opening of the new bathing pavilion of the Casam Club in Kowloon last Sunday. Mr D. C. C. Trench, Defence Secretary, who performed the opening ceremony, hoists the flag, watched by the Hon. C. E. Terry and Mr Solomon Rafeek. On extreme right: Members refreshing themselves after a swim. The spacious pavilion is situated at 11½ mile beach. (Staff Photographer)

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HONGKONG



MISS Suzanne Hanson, modelling "Twilight," one of four "Flirtation Gowns" evokes a tremendous round of applause. Scene was the Teenage Fashion Show organized by Form VI girls of King George V School, which proved a big success on Thursday. (Staff Photographer)

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PHILCO
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Here's a brand new kind of refrigerator — it's AIR CONDITIONED to keep food fresher. It's easier to see into and to reach into. Compare this luxurious, new 2-door design with all the others.

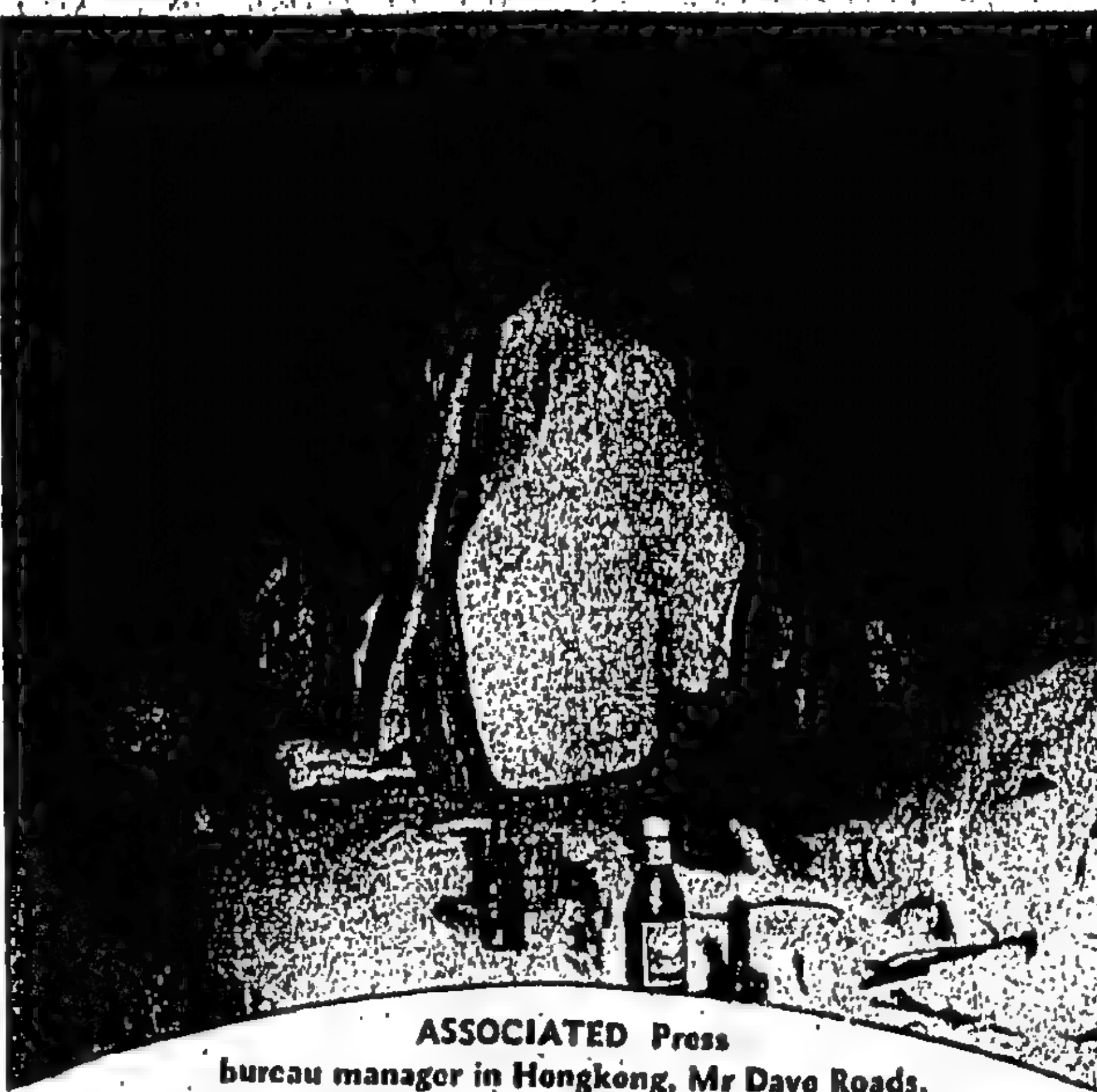
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COCKTAIL party held at the Correspondents' Club to greet Mr F. Marvin Plako, Civil Air Transport's new Public Relations Officer. From left: Mr Paul Tay, Mr Plako, Mr A. L. Burridge, Mr Alex Wu and Mr George Lee. (Staff Photographer)



ASSOCIATED Press bureau manager in Hongkong, Mr Dave Roads, giving a talk about collection and dissemination of news at a meeting of the American University Club of Hongkong. (Staff Photographer)



GROUP of refugees who are going to settle in the United States under the refugee relief programme pictured with friends who saw them off before sailing by the President McKinley on Monday. (Staff Photographer)



SCIENCE teachers watching a scientific experiment as part of a science vocation course at the Northcote Science Building, Hongkong University. (Staff Photographer)



MR O. K. Armstrong, former Republican Congressman for Missouri, talking to pressmen on his arrival here by air last week. He is on a private goodwill tour of the Far East, gathering material for articles and lectures. (Staff Photographer)



LEFT: Jopie Zewald and Rader Getz, who won the senior girls' and boys' championships at the Ladies' Recreation Club gala last Saturday. (Staff Photographer)

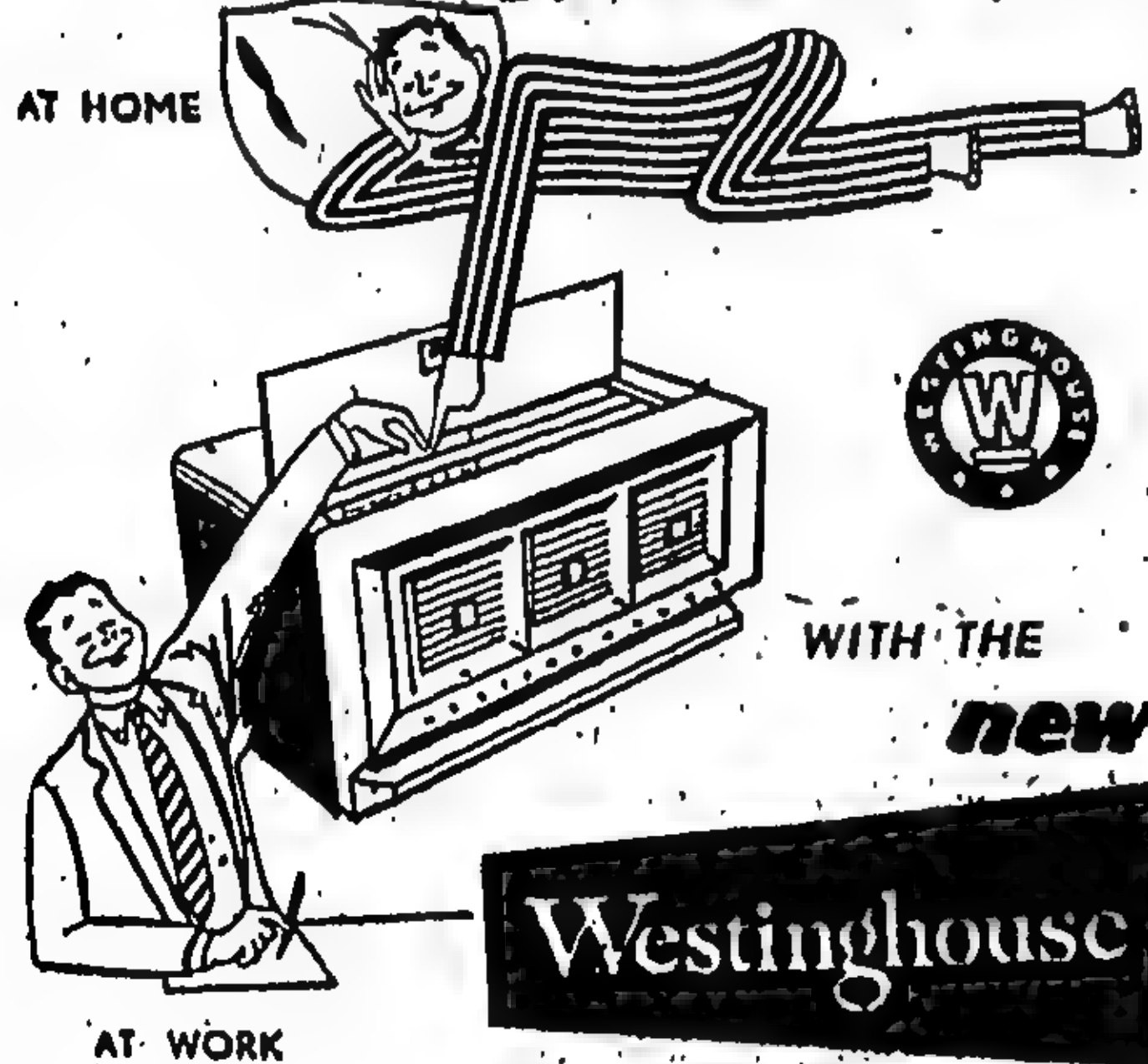
RIGHT: His Excellency the Governor, visiting the Good Shepherd Home in Kowloon, watches one of the girls at work in sewing class. (Staff Photographer)



OTHER prizewinners at the Ladies' Recreation Club swimming gala with their parents. Left: Miss Sarah Scholes with her father, Mr Justice A. D. Scholes. Right: Mr and Mrs J. Dickson Leach and their daughter Anna. (Staff Photographer)



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BELOW: Mr W. W. Wilmoth, Mrs Wilmoth, Mrs H. Wood, Dr Franz Helmut Leitner and Miss Ina Leitner snapped at the Austrian evening last Thursday at the Correspondents' Club. It was the first get-together of Austrian residents, and there were genuine Austrian food and wine. Dr Leitner is Austrian Minister to Japan. (Staff Photographer)



THE Chinese Manufacturers Union gave a farewell party on Thursday for Mr. Ralph H. Hunt, Economic Attache at the U.S. Consulate, who is leaving Hongkong. Mr Hunt is seen chatting with Mr C. L. Hsu. (Staff Photographer)

SALE

THERE WILL BE A SALE OF ODDMENTS AND DISCONTINUED LINES AT HALF PRICE ON WEDNESDAY and THURSDAY.

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PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

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Betty Furness with daughter Barbara—in the kitchen.

As America's top saleslady, the elegant 'Queen of the Kitchen Commercials' earns £2 a second for her TV appearances

Five minutes in the kitchen with Betty Furness...

by EVELYN IRONS

SIX hundred pounds sterling for 320 seconds on the screen is a lot of money, even by Hollywood standards. That is roughly what blonde Betty Furness gets in New York every week for interrupting a television play to talk about kitchen gadgets.

She throws in an extra performance of similar length every four weeks, plus a number of personal advertising appearances and demonstrations at department stores all over the country.

The company whose products she praises, the second biggest maker of appliances in America, does not grudge the money. Next month she celebrates the sixth anniversary of the

day they hired her. Says the firm's £70,000-a-year president: "That girl's worth more to this company than I am."

It all looks so easy. Take one of her regular Monday night shows. The play is a story by John van Druten and poet Christopher Isherwood called "Strange Companion," with Britain's Cathleen Nesbitt in the cast. The scene switches to a kitchen of unbelievable elegance and efficiency and there beside the colossal refrigerator is Betty, a housewife of equally unbelievable elegance dressed as for a cocktail party.

She informs her audience of some 25 million viewers that the door of this monster opens

at the most delicate touch of a finger—and it does (what fun it would be if it stuck, but it never has).

Definitely she shows how to draw off a glass of orange juice and a glass of lemonade (they spurt ready mixed from the twin-jar juice fountain). Indicates separate storage spaces for each food—butter especially cooled here, eggs there, vegetables somewhere else. And the elegant housewife need not do any such chore as defrosting—that happens automatically.

In two minutes to the split second the demonstration is over.

There is another two-minute spiel for a new compact laundry-mat that washes incredible quantities of dirty linen all by itself. And in a third appearance this time for one minute, Betty strays from the kitchen to laud a patent car lamp.



BETTY FURNESS: "I am not crazy about cooking."

At the end of the one-hour play there is a 20-second film, starring Betty and a kitchen air conditioner.

Only once has there been a hitch in these performances. She announced how easy it was to empty a vacuum cleaner. But she couldn't unscrew the nozzle.

"I don't remember what I said at the time," she answered, when reminded of this awkward moment.

Because of the necessity for exact timing these commercials are scripted as carefully as any BBC talk.

"Commercials are tougher to memorize than lines in a play," says Betty. "And there are no cues."

Each show is rehearsed twice. How did Betty Furness come to be "Queen of the Kitchen Commercials"? Daughter of the late George Furness, a pioneer announcer in radio's early days, she started in 1932 as a Hollywood starlet, eventually made 35 pictures, including "Magnificent Obsession" with Irene Dunne.

Ten years ago she got her first television part in New York, and it was when the sponsor of a show picked her out as a likely demonstrator of kitchen appliances that she switched to commercials. That was in 1949.

Now she is acknowledged to be TV's top saleslady, and has a luxury flat in Manhattan, with not only an all-electric, air-conditioned model kitchen, but a milk-covered bedside telephone as well.

Her marriage ended, in divorce, but daughter Barbara, 15, lives with Betty.

Although she is such an efficient housewife on TV Betty isn't like that at home and she does not perform at the new 10-foot long "cooking platform" which is the latest efficiency gadget installed in her own kitchen.

"I am not crazy about cooking," she told me. "Besides, I have a first-class housekeeper."

She doesn't dress like a TV housewife either, preferring the latest thing in slinktight pants.

Five-foot-five and weighing seven stone ten, she has the figure for them although she is just short of 40 years old.

"I keep slim on a diet of protein and fat," she said, "no bread or potatoes but it is like other diets because fried meat is allowed."

Maybe the reason she is such a successful saleswoman is that she is a businesswoman by temperament although she likes to vary her commercial work by appearing occasionally as TV actress or commentator.

Her flat is as orderly as an office and she keeps her thousands of photographs and stereos—she is a skilled amateur photographer—in an elaborate filing system.

It has been said of her that she is more sophisticated than domesticated. She shows just one sign of domesticity off the screen. She knits faster and more furiously than anyone since Kirsten Flagstad.



Knit A Baby's Cardigan In Cable Stitch

Materials: 3 ozs. Lister's Lavenda 3 ply or 3 ozs. Lavenda Baby Wool. Pair each needles Nos. 10 and 12. 8 Buttons. 6 Safety Pins.

Measurements: Width all round at underarms 22 ins. Length from shoulder 10½ ins. Length of undersleeve seam 8 ins.

Tension: 7½ sts. and 10 rows equal one inch (No. 10 needles).

Abbreviations: K. knit; P. Purl; sts. stitches; ins. inches; tog. together; m. make a st. by bringing wool to front of work before a knit st. and by wrap; purl wool round needle before a purl st.; P2IN. Purl twice into st., i.e. into front and then into back of st.; SKPO. Slip one, knit one, pass slipped st. over; SPPO. Slip one, purl one, pass slipped st. over; TBS. Through backs of sts.; C4L. Slip next 2 sts. on to a spare needle; C4L. Slip next 2 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at back of work, k. 2, then knit 2 sts. from spare needle; C4L. Slip next 2 sts. on to a spare needle and leave at front of work, k. 2, then knit 2 sts. from spare needle.

2nd row: K. 4, x P. 2, K. 2, repeat from x ending P. 1. Repeat last 2 rows eight times more.

Commence Pattern:—1st row: K. 23, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 8. 2nd row: K. 4, (P. 4, K. 2) twice, P. 2, K. 2, P. 4, K. 2, P. 23. Repeat last 2 rows once more.

5th row: K. 23, P. 2, C4L, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, C4L, P. 2, K. 8. 6th row: K. 4, (P. 4, K. 2) twice, P. 2, K. 2, P. 4, K. 2, P. 23. 7th row: K. 23, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 8. 8th row: As 6th row. Repeat last 4 rows until 10 cables and one row have been worked and front measures 6 ins. from commencement ending at Side Edge.

Commence Raglan Shaping:—1st row: Cast off 4 sts. work in pattern to end. 2nd row: Work in pattern to end. 3rd row: K. 1, SKPO, work in pattern to end. Repeat last 2 rows until 25 sts. remain, ending at neck edge. Shape Neck: Work 14 sts. in pattern, slip these 14 sts. on to a safety pin, and work to end. Continue to work in pattern decreasing one st. at each end of every row until 3 sts. remain, K. 3 tog.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 49 sts. 1st row: K. 6, x P. 2, K. 2, repeat from x ending P. 2, k. 1. 2nd row: P. 1, x K. 2, P. 2, repeat from x ending K. 4. 3rd row: (Make buttonhole): K. 2, m. 1, k. 2, tog. rib to end. 4th row: As 2nd row. Repeat 1st and 2nd rows making a buttonhole every 14th row until 18 rows have been worked.

Commence Pattern: 1st row: K. 8, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 23. 2nd row: P. 23, K. 2, P. 4, K. 2, P. 2, (K. 2, P. 4) twice, K. 4. 3rd row: K. 8, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 23. 4th row: As 2nd row. Repeat last 4 rows, continuing to make buttonholes as before until 10 cables and 2 rows have been worked, and front measures 6 ins. from beginning, ending at Side Edge.

Commence Raglan Shaping:—1st row: Cast off 4 sts. work in pattern to end. 2nd row: Work in pattern to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1. 3rd row: K. 2, work in pattern to end. Repeat last 2 rows until 26 sts. remain, still making buttonholes as before.

Shape Neck:—Next row: Break off wool, slip first 14 sts. on to a safety pin, rejoin wool P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 2 tog. K. 1. 2nd row: P. 1, SKPO, work to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog. Continue decreasing one st. at each end of every row until 3 sts. remain, P. 3 tog.

LEFT FRONT

Using No. 10 needles cast on 49 sts. 1st row: K. 1, x P. 2, K. 2, repeat from x ending K. 4. 2nd row: Work in pattern to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1. 3rd row: K. 2, work in pattern to end. Repeat last 2 rows until 26 sts. remain, still making buttonholes as before.

Shape Neck:—Next row: Break off wool, slip first 14 sts. on to a safety pin, rejoin wool P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 2 tog. K. 1. 2nd row: P. 1, SKPO, work to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog. Continue decreasing one st. at each end of every row until 3 sts. remain, P. 3 tog.

BACK

Using No. 10 needles cast on 88 sts. 1st row: K. 1, x P. 2, K. 2, repeat from x ending P. 2, k. 1. 2nd row: P. 1, x K. 2, P. 2, repeat from x ending K. 2, P. 1. Repeat these 2 rows seven times more, then 1st row once more.

Next row: P. 1, (K. 2, P. 2) ten times, K. 2, (P2IN) twice, work in rib to end (100 sts.). Commence Pattern:—1st row: K. 23, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 4, P. 2, K. 8. 2nd row: K. 4, P. 2, K. 2, P. 4, K. 2, P. 2, K. 23. 3rd row: As 1st row. Repeat last 4 rows until 10 cables and 2 rows have been worked, and front measures 6 ins. from beginning, ending at Side Edge.

Commence Raglan Shaping:—1st row: Cast off 4 sts. work in pattern to end. 2nd row: Work in pattern to last 3 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 1. 3rd row: K. 2, work in pattern to end. Repeat last 2 rows until 26 sts. remain, still making buttonholes as before.

Shape Neck:—Next row: Break off wool, slip first 14 sts. on to a safety pin, rejoin wool P. 2, K. 2, P. 2, K. 2 tog. K. 1. 2nd row: P. 1, SKPO, work to last 2 sts., K. 2 tog. Continue decreasing one st. at each end of every row until 3 sts. remain, P. 3 tog.

NECKBAND

With right side of work facing and commencing at Right Front Edge, rejoin wool and using No. 12 needles knit 14 sts. from safety pin; pick up and knit 6 sts. up side of neck; knit 6 sts. from sleeves; knit 22 sts. from Back; knit 6 sts. from other sleeve; pick up and knit 6 sts. down to stn. on safety pin; and finally knit 14 sts. from safety pin. (74 sts.)

Next row: Knit. Next row: K. 2, M. 1, K. 2. Cast off loosely knitwise.

TO MAKE UP

Pin out and press all pieces on wrong side under a damp cloth. Join side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Sew on buttons to 10" down from top buttonholes. Press all seams.

For straight backs and sturdy limbs—



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Ostermilk is the nourishing milk food that babies need when breast feeding is not successful. Vitamin D is added to this pure milk to build strong bones and teeth; also iron to enrich the blood. Ostermilk is very easily digested and is especially suitable for babies in Hong Kong. Look out for it in the red and silver tin. The tin is air-tight to keep Ostermilk always in perfect condition.

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While feeding baby, keep the bottle tipped so that milk fills the teat. This prevents baby swallowing air with the milk. Further useful information will be found in the Ostermilk Baby Book. Send 20 postage stamps to Messrs. Dorell & Co. Ltd., P.O. Box 30, Hong Kong, and a FREE copy will be sent to you.

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EASY-TO-FIX DESSERTS

By ALICE DENHOFF

HERE are some light and lovely desserts in keeping with summer's mood, but have you ever tried nutmeg angel food cake?

Just make a regulation recipe using 1½ c. of egg whites and mix top of ground nutmeg in with the flour before folding same into the whites. It's delicious served with crushed strawberry sauce.

PUDDING SAUCE

Or for a change, serve angel food with this tempting sauce.

Make an instant vanilla pudding from one package of pudding mix but using only 1½ c. milk. Fold in 1 c. whipped cream and crushed peppermint candy. Spoon the peppermint pudding sauce over generous slices of angel food cake.

If you are at a loss for a quick, sweet snack that isn't rich, try this one.

Cut 6 frankfurter buns in horizontal halves. Combine 2 tbsp. lemonade concentrate and 2 tbsp. soft butter. Spread mixture on cut sides of bun halves. Then transfer to dish and chill. Place buns on shallow pan.

spread side up, and toast at 400°F. for 5 min.

The youngsters will love this fine quickie dessert. For 6 servings, mix package prepared vanilla pudding according to directions, but use citrus juice in lieu of milk. Add a No. 2 tin of orange juice. Pour pudding into serving dishes and cool. Top with a spoonful of meringue made by beating 2 tbsp. sugar into still-beat egg white and folding in ½ tsp. vanilla.

If a cooled meringue is desired, drop meringue by spoonfuls into a shallow baking pan with the bottom just covered with 1 tsp. water. Bake at 305 deg. F. for about 10 min.

FROM TURKEY

A Turkish friend suggested a recipe that is a popular one in her country, but she has modified it to suit our taste.

Mix together 2½ c. of sugar, 2 c. of water, 1 c. lemon juice and boil to syrup stage. Set aside to cool.

Beat 3 eggs with 1 c. of sugar until sugar dissolves. Add 1 c. of water, 1 c. flour sifted with baking powder and 1 tsp. grated lemon or orange rind to the egg mixture; beat until smooth.

Pour into greased baking pan and bake in 400 deg. F. for 30 min. Remove pastry from oven and cut into various shapes while still in pan. Immediately pour syrup over hot pastry. Cover pan and set aside until syrup has been absorbed. Cut sides of bun halves. Then transfer to dish and chill. Place buns on shallow pan. Serve with whipped cream.

'Captain Talent' Finds Beauty Comes Last

by
EVELYN IRONS

NEW YORK. CAPTAIN JOHN ANDERSON, a small, lean young-looking man of 40, has a job in New York shared by no other Briton. He is the talent-spotter for one of the Big Two nationwide television networks, the National Broadcasting Company.

In his files are the photographs, particulars and ratings of 9,000 actors of varying talents and experience. Every day he sees dozens of people looking for jobs in live television plays with this network in New York. As there are only a dozen to fifteen roles in an average week, sometimes more, sometimes less—the competition is fierce. Particularly when an unknown performer can get \$53.15 for speaking half a dozen lines in a half-hour show.

You would think that only a Marilyn Monroe with a stunning figure and a dazzling smile, or a youth as handsome as James Dean, would have a chance. Not so.

"Beautiful people are two a penny," says Anderson, a Scot from Edinburgh who was an Indian Army officer before he emigrated to Canada with £20 in his pocket. "What I look for is something much rarer—the unusual type, the personality, the young man or woman who has something to contribute to a part beyond a voluptuous shape or a handsome profile."

Every morning Captain Anderson is "at home" in his office in a Central Manhattan skyscraper to any aspirant who likes to come along for inspection.

"I treat them gently," said he. "I remember only too well the days when I went hungry in New York myself, and walked miles to apply for jobs because I didn't have the subway fare."

After six years of picking television talent, he says he can quickly weed out the impossible. "Maybe it's something about the way they pull up a chair and sit down," he said. "Awkwardness in a simple thing like that tells a lot, however pretty a girl may be."

The "possibilities" among the applicants get the chance of an audition. I went along to one to see what happens.

There was a good deal of prejudice against coal in the Elizabethan era, particularly from the Queen, who barred the use of coal during the sitting of Parliament for fear it should affect the health of MP's accustomed to breathing country air.

In 1578, Westminster brewers refrained from burning coal because Queen Elizabeth greatly disapproved and annoyed by the taste and smoke of the sea-coals. Again: "The nice Dames of London would not come into any house or room where coals were being burned, nor willingly eat of the meat that was even roasted at a coal-fire."

Gradually, as increasing populations were getting less and less fuel from disappearing forests, coal came into more general use.

The Industrial Revolution, the discovery of coal gas and the advent of the railways opened up hundreds of British coalfields and finally established Britain's Victorian commercial supremacy. Although it is thought that within 10 years atomic power will begin gradually to supersede coal supplies, British pits are likely to be active for generations yet, although there are experts who say that Britain has enough coal only to last another 200 years.

The scene was a big recreational hall with a red tiled floor and what were surely the world's worst acoustics.

Thirty or so men and girls, most of them in their twenties, sat on benches along one wall. Only 12 were being auditioned; the rest had come to watch and learn from their mistakes.

With a bare table and a couple of hard wooden chairs as props, a black-haired girl in an orange jumper was taking Grace Kelly's part in "The Country Girl." Captain Anderson, sitting poker-faced at a desk facing her, scribbled a note.

It became painfully evident that Orange Jumper was no Grace Kelly. The only good point was that she did not over-run her time, which was 15 minutes, as many others did.

A chubby blonde (as Blanchette, whom you will remember as Vivien Leigh), and a slim brunette (as her sister Stella) went through a violent dialogue from "A Streetcar Named Desire." Another dark intense-looking girl put so much into a piece from "The Little White Horse" which she played opposite a morose and exceptionally tall boy that she was crying real tears when the scene ended.

Afterwards Captain Anderson gave them a little talk. He couldn't lay down any prescription for success. "It takes a long time to become an actor." But he would see each one privately in his office and tell them what was wrong and what they could do to improve.

Out of the 12 there was just one with immediate chances of a job—a swarty sardonic young man who performed a scene from Clifford Odets' play "The Big Knife" with such conviction that although he was alone with a group of chairs he could almost visualise the other characters on the stage.

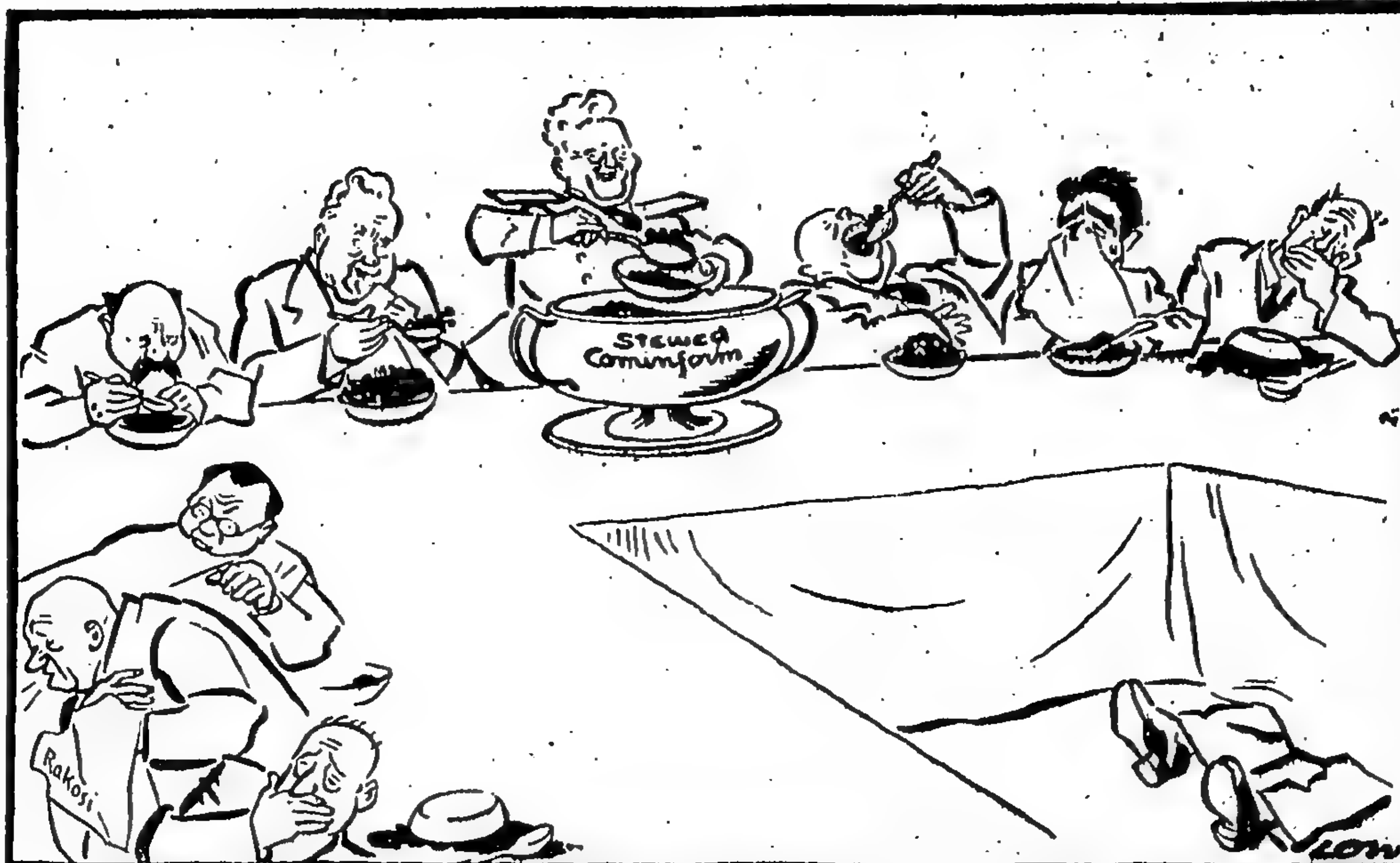
Out of some 1,500 new actors and actresses who apply for jobs in a year at NBC-TV's talent department just occasionally a star is discovered. Such an exception was Eva Marie Saint, who won an Oscar as the best supporting actress in the Marlon Brando film "On the Waterfront"—her first movie. She passed through the NBC casting office as an unknown.

"Stories like hers hit the headlines and make success in television sound easy," Captain Anderson said. "But although the four major American TV networks offer an average of about 250 parts a week both here and in Hollywood, acting is still 90 percent looking for a job and 10 percent working."

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JOHN ANDERSON—"I treat them gently."



EAT-YOUR-OWN-WORDS BANQUET AT TITO'S

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When the archaeologists of 2,000 years from now begin to rescue the remains of the Twentieth Century, there is little doubt that one of their biggest prizes will be Arnold Toynbee's "A Study of History." A few months ago, Toynbee finished the last four volumes of the 3,500,000-word analysis of mankind's story. But, while his work is known from New York to Novgorod, Toynbee himself has remained obscure. Here is one of the few close-up pictures of the man behind the study....

thing of world-shaking importance.

The discussion surges forth—about God and man, the Universe, and Mr. Kruschew, religion and dinner table conversation in America.

facts down on a vast sheet of white paper and infer the concepts.

They "emerged" of their own free will.

The method, of course, is not quite "empirical."

Either way, Toynbee doesn't much care. His answer to the critics is simple: "We have to deal with the facts of history and, whether we conclude that it is all an idiot's tale or a message of inspiration, we are making generalised conclusions."

"Mine are the best I have been able to find. Apply them if you want."

He thinks it's his duty to let the world in on his secrets. Beyond that, it's up to the recipients.

Meanwhile, he has work to do.

A small scuffle which broke out in Western Civilisation in 1914 interrupted a book he was trying to write on the ancient Greeks. He is going to finish it now. And he's working on another one about the social and economic consequences of the wars between Rome and Carthage.

He thinks they're rather like our little cold war and he'd like to find out.

(COPYRIGHT)

TOYNBEE THE HISTORIAN

By LES ARMOUR

ADVANCE descriptions of the man behind the study are terrifying: he dreams in Latin, doodles in Greek while he talks on the telephone, occasionally catapults himself—literally—a thousand years or so back in time.

He dares to encompass the whole of human history from the prehistoric slimes to the hydrogen bomb. The Greeks, the Romans, the Aztecs, the Incas, and the Ancient Sumerians are as well known to him as are the French to Sir Anthony Eden.

So it is with trepidation that you walk into Chatham House and tell the doorman that you have an appointment with Dr. Toynbee.

He ushers you into a vast, Victorian sitting room—empty and unnervingly silent. But it is not there that you are to transact business.

PILGRIMAGE

A guide appears and you go on a long pilgrimage up winding stairs, through a labyrinth of corridors lined with documents and finally into a rather shabby room lined with books.

You are in for a shock. Arnold Joseph Toynbee is 65 and his pictures have prepared you for a man who looks like a man of 85 who has inexplicably grown a shock of white hair.

A smile, a quick hand, shake and a chair. Toynbee pulls up a chair opposite him, and his interviewers.

He leans forward expectantly and looks as though he is convinced that you are about to communicate some-

Neither is it the method of the religious mystic. It is somewhere in between—and perhaps it is a method much more appropriate to the odd workings of the human mind.

The psychologists would agree with him—anybody could do it. Of course, not everybody has the Toynbee brain and not everybody would come up with conclusions of the same significance.

Toynbee thinks that to make sense of history it is necessary to regard the world as a sort of training ground for immortal souls and see the rise and fall of civilisations as continuing attempts to grasp the true nature of man and his relationship to God.

And he thinks that this is a conclusion to which anyone in any department of life would come. "The historian's view is 'just one angle.'"

PHENOMENON

"Besides the historian's view," he says in the last volume of "A Study of History," "there is the astronomer's, the physicist's, the mathematician's, the poet's... and there is the soldier's, the sailor's, the fisherman's... the engineer's."

Each properly developed, he is convinced, would lead to the same conclusion.

Certainly, all this is not universally accepted. There are many historians who assert that Toynbee is trying the impossible and failing badly. They point to "actual" discrepancies in his accounts and the impossibility of getting "a final pattern" from an infinity of facts.

In the United States, Toynbee is revered as a hero. His name is a household word like Ford or Marilyn. Monroe or the first long-run king from the World Series.

In Britain he is regarded as an interesting phenomenon—a man who has a mind that

A KING BANNED USE OF COAL

By J. W. TAYLOR

COAL, precious "black gold" that has long been the life's blood of the world's industries, is again in the news with the development of atomic research for peaceful purposes.

It has never been out of the news since the year 887 when the monks of the British monastery at Glastonbury unearthed "a quantity of blackstone." Contemptuously, the Prior threw it on to the log fire. All were amazed to see it burn and feel it give off comforting heat.

SMOG COMPLAINTS

By the year 831 it was in use in several areas in Britain. The Abbot of Peterborough let a plot of land in return for 12 loads of coal per year.

So great was its use that by the Middle Ages Londoners were complaining of smog. In 1300 Edward I proclaimed against the use of coal in furnaces and ordered a return to wood-burning, for the gentry and nobility had complained of the noxious smell and thick air caused by burning coal.

ATOMIC POWER

The Industrial Revolution, the discovery of coal gas and the advent of the railways opened up hundreds of British coalfields and finally established Britain's Victorian commercial supremacy. Although it is thought that within 10 years atomic power will begin gradually to supersede coal supplies, British pits are likely to be active for generations yet, although there are experts who say that Britain has enough coal only to last another 200 years.

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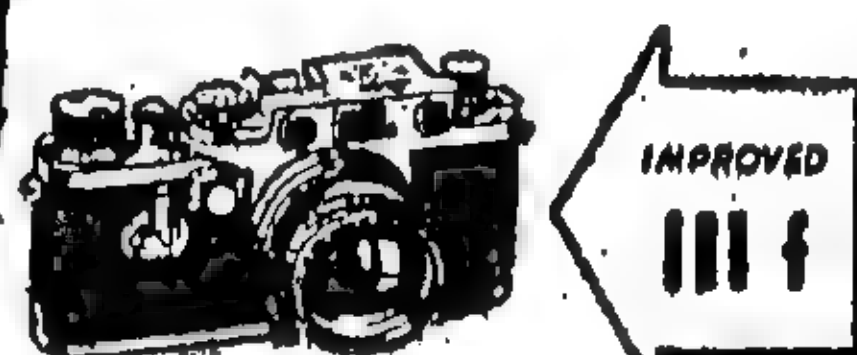


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MR GULLIBLE REPORTS ON A MISSION TO RED CHINA

ROBERT BLAKE

ON BOOKS

MR K. M. PANIKKAR was Indian ambassador to China from 1948 to 1952. He therefore had the chance, given to few others, of observing at close quarters both the last year of Chiang Kai-shek's rule and the first three years of Mao Tse-tung's.

Since Mr Panikkar, as all who have met him can testify, is a person of great charm, wit, and intelligence, his account of his experiences during that critical period will naturally arouse eager expectation in many readers.

Nor will that expectation be disappointed. The book is

in Two Chinas, by K. M. Panikkar (Allen and Unwin, 12s. 6d.)

extremely readable, and Mr Panikkar's description of diplomatic life in China and of the chief personalities of the two regimes is vivid and amusing. He is, however, less convincing on the policy of the new People's Government. Indeed at times he seems almost as glib as the celebrated delegation sent to China by the British Labour Party.

Sympathy

It is, of course, understandable that an Indian intellectual should regard the new China with sympathy, and see in Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai fellow soldiers along with Mr Nehru, in the struggle against "Western Imperialism." But there are occasions when this sympathy is carried too far. Humane and kindly himself, Mr Panikkar would not hurt a fly—certainly not a Chinese fly (if such creatures survive under the enlightened rule of Mao). Yet he can write quite casually and without comment of the mass campaign "for the liquidation of counter-revolutionaries and reactionary elements," which "seems to have effectively disposed of over a million and a half people who were either actively Kuomintang agents or suspected of sympathies [with Chiang]."

Blinded

Mr Panikkar is not a Communist or a fellow traveller. His outlook is conditioned, he tells us, by "the Liberal Radicalism of the West." But, as we know from the writings of the English intellectuals of the thirties, it is quite possible for humane and intelligent radicals to become so blinded by faith in a political Utopia that they gloss over horrors which would profoundly shock them in any other context.

There are many other examples of this attitude in Mr Panikkar's book. Thus he can tell us with masterly understatement that Mao "has perhaps no use for the Liberal creed of individual liberty." And at the end of the book he finds the disappearance of individual liberty in China to be "a strange thing."

What is strange about it? Have the Communists ever had the slightest regard anywhere for individual liberty—except,

of course, when they are in opposition? Far too many Liberals and Socialists have pinned their faith to the theory that the Communism of Mao Tse-tung is Communism with a difference. No doubt the Chinese Government, whose victory owes little to Russian support will not necessarily take orders from Moscow and Mr Panikkar's account of the behaviour of the Russian Ambassador at the time of Chiang Kai-shek's defeat suggests that the victory of Mao was almost as much of a surprise (though doubtless a welcome one) to Russia as it was to America. But this does not mean that Russia and China are likely to fall out with each other.

Mr Panikkar cannot yet reveal the full diplomatic history of his mission, but he does confirm certain facts of recent history, about which there has been doubt and controversy.

Full scale war

It seems clear that the Chinese intervention in Korea was the direct result of the American decision to cross the 38th Parallel, and it is also clear that this decision must have been taken in the knowledge that it would have that result. At all events Mr Panikkar, who had been warned by Chou En-lai himself, passed the warning on to Mr Nehru, who transmitted it to the State Department.

That the Chinese Government was prepared to face a full scale war on this issue is shown by Mr Panikkar's discussion in September 1950 with the acting Chief of Staff, General Nien. When Mr Panikkar pointed out the probable consequences of such a war, the general replied:

"We have calculated all that. They may even drop atomic bombs on us. What then? They may kill a few million people. Without sacrifice a nation's independence cannot be upheld."

Mr Panikkar expresses an opinion which may revive controversy in America. In 1949 the "China lobby" and certain generals favoured support for Chiang Kai-shek's tottering regime in the inaccessible provinces of the interior around Chungking.

Mr Panikkar would not have approved of such a policy, but he considers that it was mili-

tarily quite feasible, and that a separate state under Kuomintang rule might well have been created if the Americans had been ready even for indirect intervention.

But in fact American opinion was divided, largely because of the State Department's recent publication of a damaging paper upon the corruption of the Kuomintang and no action was taken.

This is an important and revealing book, not merely for the light thrown on China, but also for the picture given, indirectly and perhaps unconsciously of the outlook of the upper middle-class intelligentsia and what Mr Panikkar calls "the heaven-born service" as the new ruling class in India. It deserves to be widely read.

Other Books

THE FILM OF MEMORY.
By Maurice Druon.
Rupert, Hart-Davies, 10s. 6d. 171 pages.

THIS is hardly a story; it is rather a portrait. Call it rather a waltz in a distinguished company, round a ruin where past glory must be evoked from a broken pillar or two, which the guide points out. The ruin of La Sanziana, great European courtier, mistress of emperors; now an old lady with a wandering mind.

Carmela, the little maid who cleans her room in a shabby Roman hotel, listens awestruck while La Sanziana's hallucinations stumble from one year to another backwards through her life, from one scene, one lover, to the predecessor—the man who kept her in a Venetian palace, the pasha who ruined himself, the man she loved, the husband she left.

In this ghost of a novel, this life story told by reflections in a clouded mirror, there is:

PATHOS: Dying is a misfortune I can't get over.

WIT: Indulgence in love is only a polite form of indifference.

UNCOMFORTABLE WISDOM: It's a misfortune to be born with moderate desires; a great misfortune without which there would be no great lives.

A stylish flight of the high romantic extravagance.

PRAY FOR A BRAVE HEART, by Helen MacInnes, Collins, 12s. 6d. 256 pages.

THE story of suspense has no more skilful practitioners today than this Scottish lady who has taken up the robust tradition where John Buchan dropped it. Espionage and robbery are her theme; Switzerland the place.

PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT
PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

ROBOT SORTERS

A huge letter-sorting machine, run by an electronic "brain" has been built by Post Office scientists. It was revealed.

It will do the work of a large number of human sorters. How many? The Post Office men will not say.

But they do say that they do not expect trouble from the trades unions. If trials with the robot sorter continue to be successful, many more will be built for use throughout Britain.

Then, say officials, the displaced workmen would easily be found other work.

At present one man has to read the addresses on the letters before feeding them into the robot. But the scientists, at the Post Office Engineering Research Station, Crickelewood, hope to dispense with him too, eventually.

For they believe it will be possible to give the robot an electronic eye that will read the addresses, in spite of differences of handwriting.

That is, if the writing can be read at all.

THE CAMEL'S STORAGE

Science and the United Nations have teamed up to solve one of man's oldest puzzles—where does the camel keep his water? The experts used to think he kept it in his hump. He doesn't. The hump is all fat.

Then they thought maybe he kept it in one of his extra stomachs (he has several). Science knocked that one for a loop, too.

And, the answer, disappointedly, seems to be that the camel keeps his water just where you keep yours—all through the tissues of the body.

It isn't really that the camel can carry more water than any other animal but that he uses less.

How?

Well, the Unesco men who spent a long, long time out in the desert at a place called Beni Abbas (in the Sahara) have discovered some surprising things.

For instance, when you get hot you sweat and the process keeps your bloodstream at a "normal" temperature. Not so a camel. He just lets his blood get up to 104 degrees Fahrenheit, a temperature that would land you in bed, very sick indeed.

And even then he doesn't lose the water that keeps him going. He loses the water which is stored in body tissues. (You would lose yours. In the end, from the bloodstream and you'd have to drink quickly or dry up.) And he never notices the difference.

The only question now is—what's Unesco going to do with the information? Unesco can make a report, but its experts admitted that, so far as anyone knows, only God can make a camel.

HOPEFUL BALLERINAS

Young ballet dancers are coming to Britain in increasing numbers from the Dominions. Officers aboard British liners call them the "up-early-in-the-morning girls."

After learning all they can in their own countries, scores of them have scraped together every penny they can earn in any sort of job so that they can book a passage to London to improve their dancing.

They are fanatical in their determination, and long before the rest of the passengers are awake they are up on deck or in the lounges practising ballet steps and exercising their limbs.

There are plenty of rails they can use as exercise bars. When it has been raining hard they have been known to use the rail along the edge of the ship's cockpit bar.

No matter how rough the weather they pluckily keep up their practising, and ship's doctors have often had to treat bruises caused when the pitching and rolling has sent them sprawling.

Says a liner's purser: "I've seen these girls up at the crack of dawn doing their exercises on deck in weather which called for a good pair of rain boots. In one ship the girls were the only thing which got the sailors up early."

CHAMPION EATER

Only 5ft 4in. in height and weighing 128 lb., 22-year-old Joaquim Fernandez claims Europe's eating record.

In 48 hours last week he downed 41 lb. of bread; 22 lb. of potatoes; 50 lb. of cake; 100 fish croquettes; five roast fowl; one-and-a-half loaves of mutton; 62 plums of wine; 3½ plums of brandy; 10 bottles of soda water.

With him, sitting in the open air outside a "haunted" mill in

Evora, Portugal, were the 38 other competitors, all under 132 lb. in weight. They all, well, just a few pounds less than Joaquim.

MISER'S HOARD

After a Melbourne miser died last month police found a quarter-ton of two shilling pieces (approximately £5,000) plus £587 in banknotes hidden underneath piles of rubbish in a corner of his slum home. This in spite of the fact that burglars broke into the miser's house four times during recent years, stealing a total of £1,000. The miser still refused to bank his hoard.

LIFESAVING GADGET

A new life-saving gadget, coming on the beaches of New Zealand where life guards are being equipped with rod and line. If a swimmer gets into difficulties on a tough line with a lifebelt on the end instead of a hook is cast out and the exhausted swimmer reeled in.

ONE LEG

Already having stood on one leg for three years outside a Jodhpur temple, a 27-year-old sadhu (holy man) plans to continue his ordeal for another nine years. At the end of this time he hopes to attain union with God. If he fails, he says he will fast to death. Meanwhile he lives on fruit and milk offered by temple visitors.

HUMAN RADAR

"Human Radar" is believed to be the explanation of the feats of 32-year-old Julian Coopman a milkman of Komen near Antwerp. Mr Coopman can drive his loaded delivery van blindfolded. With his eyes covered first with sticking plaster then with black paper and finally wrapped in a scarf Julian can make speeds of up to 70 m.p.h. on a good road—and never have an accident. His secret? "It's mine and the fact that I can do it is quite enough," he says.

CLOP CLOP A DOCTOR IN REMEDY

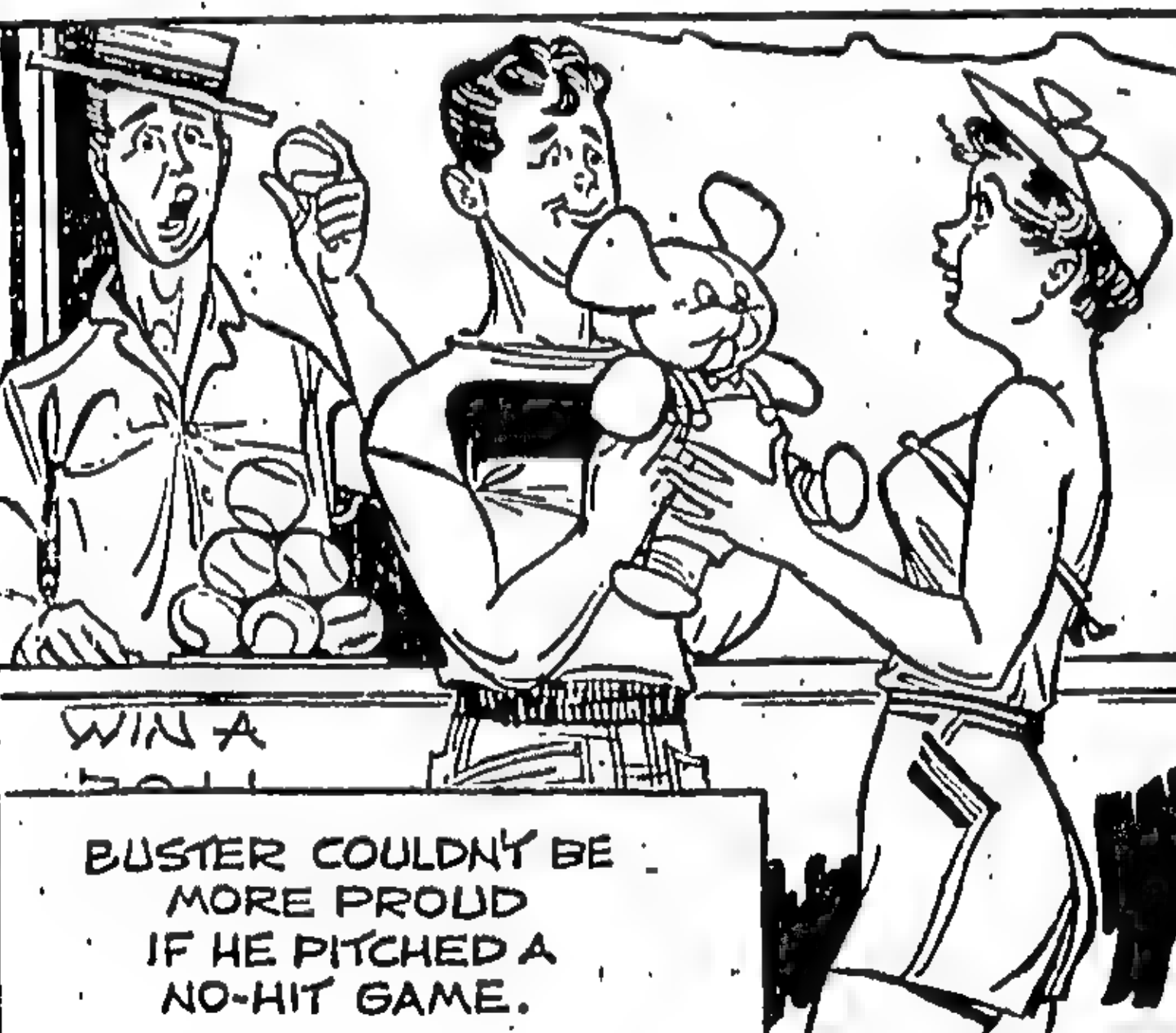
Palma, Majorca, has prescribed a unique remedy for prolonging the life of a weak-hearted shoe factory owner. The shoemaker complained that employees at his plant were sickening on the job and the resulting strain was too much for his weak heart.

His doctor prescribed a pair of heavy clogs. Now the workers can hear him coming and when he arrives he always finds them hard at work.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Proud Moments

BY HARRY WEINERT



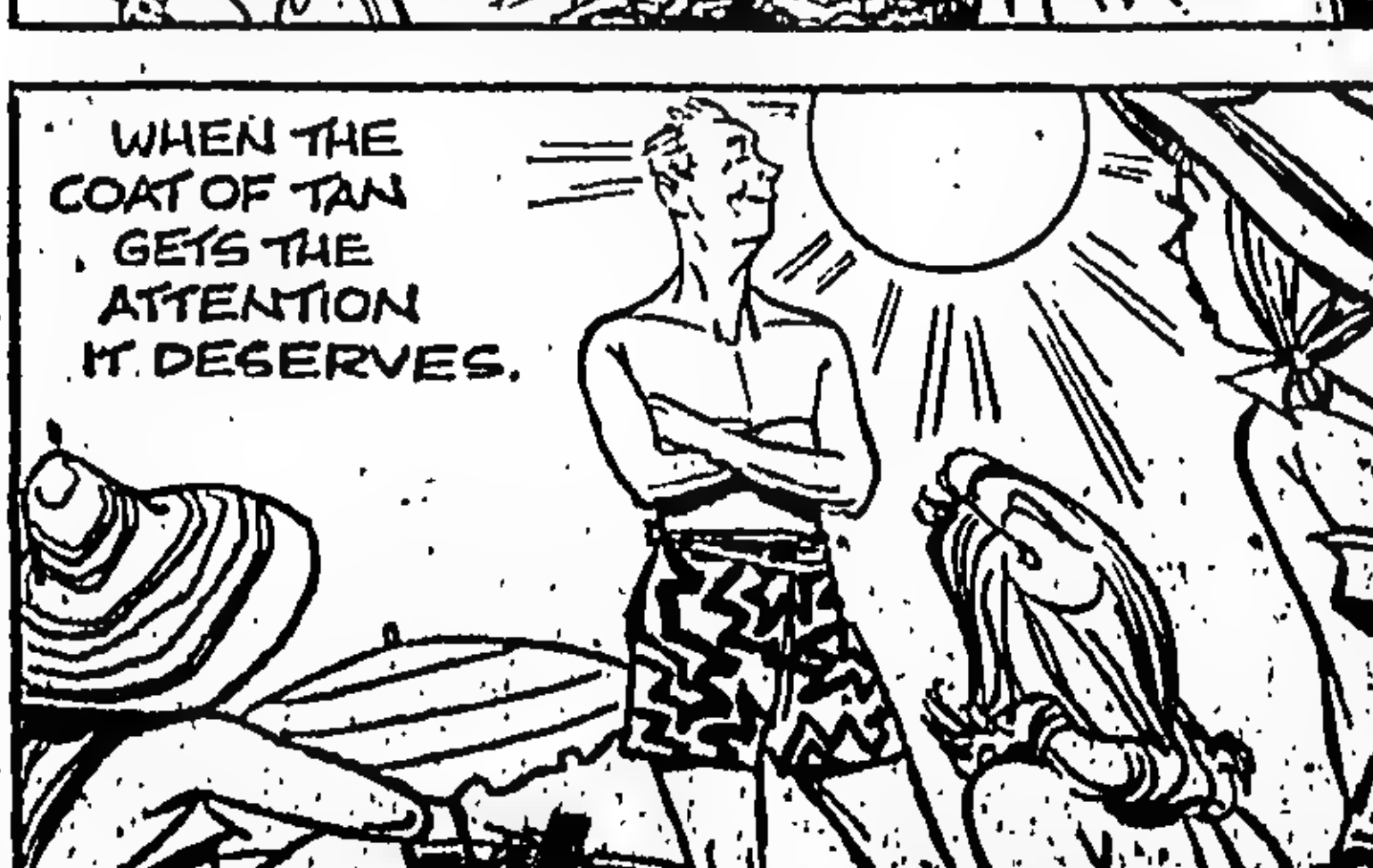
BUSTER COULDN'T BE MORE PROUD IF HE PITCHED A NO-HIT GAME.



"DID YOU GROW THEM? THEY LOOK PRETTY ENOUGH TO BE ARTIFICIAL!"



WHEN THE CHAIRMAN OF THE BEAUTY CONTEST COMMITTEE SAYS... "EXCUSE ME MISS, BUT YOU'RE IT!"



WHEN THE COAT OF TAN GETS THE ATTENTION IT DESERVES.



ANNUAL PICNIC CONTESTS—GAME

CHAMPION PLEASERS HAVE THEIR SHARE OF GLORY



TO GET A LARGE FISH—SPICE TWO SMALL ONES.



WHEN YOU GO TO A LADIES RESCUE AND THE WINDOW LOSES.



THE DAY JUNIOR SAID PLEASE INSTEAD OF MAMMA.

BRITAIN LAGS IN ROCKET RACE

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

London. BRITAIN is falling behind in the rocket race.

More than £150 million has been spent on rocket work since the war.

Yet no guided missiles are available for the Services.

And the Supply Ministry cannot provide a rocket capable of flying 120 miles high for upper-atmosphere research without two more years of effort.

The rocket project has fallen far behind schedule because:—

1. The problems of rocket flight, especially those of guiding and air-lifted missiles, were badly underestimated.

2. The Government's original plan to centre rocket development round the Woomera range in the Australian desert has failed.

Government planners were convinced that British rocket firms could be induced to build up the bulk of their research and production facilities in Australia.

Dangerous

Instead a big rocket industry involving almost every big aircraft and electronics firm has arisen in Britain.

Rocket testing has been done off the Welsh coast near Aberporth, and a new range is being set up off the Hebrides.

But Woomera will still have to be used for long-range and high-altitude work which might be dangerous at home.

It is unlikely that any of the guided missiles scheduled to replace anti-aircraft guns will be available for two more years.

One naval anti-aircraft rocket has been under development for 10 years and is still not ready. Yet the Americans have about a score of missiles in service and many more in development.

WEEK-END BOWLS

SEASON'S TOP LEAGUE HONOURS SHOULD BE DECIDED TODAY

By "TOUCHER"

Both Recreio "Blues" and Taikoo Club are expected to make sure of the First and Second Division League titles respectively this afternoon and bring the 1955 race for top League honours to a close.

The "Blues", who will be playing away against Police Recreation Club, have only to take four points from their hosts this afternoon to give Recreio the Senior Division title for the fourth year in succession.

As pointed out by a correspondent, Recreio also achieved the feat of winning the Championship four years in succession from 1937 to 1940 and this will be a repeat performance on the part of the Portuguese Club.

In addition to garnering the Premier League honours, the Champions also claim the distinction of having one of their rinks, slipped by Raoul Luz, at the top of the Skips' Table for the current season.

Luz's four are already certain of being the top rink of the season, but before the League is fully over, it looks as if both Pastos and Johnny Ribeiro's rinks will step into the second and third positions in the Skips' Table as well to make it a completely successful season for Recreio.

Taikoo Club practically won the Second Division Championship last Wednesday when they defeated their closest rivals, Kowloon Dock, by 4-1. Ahead now by 5½ points of the Kowloon Dock bowlers, they will probably take at least four points from USRC this afternoon to make sure of rejoining the First Division from which they dropped out two seasons ago. A 5-0 win will make the result of their last match against Craigengower immaterial.

The race for rink honours is, however, a much more even affair in this division than in the First. J. B. Baxter's four are now in the lead, closely followed by those of Kinniburgh, R. Gourlay and W. E. Brown.

OPEN CHAMPIONSHIPS

With the League practically over, increasing interest is now being centred on the various events of the Open Championships games, of which two—the Rinks and the Singles—have already reached their semi-final stages.

Three Triples quarter-finals tomorrow, and one more on Tuesday, and four Pairs quarter-finals on Thursday will bring all the events into the semi-final rounds.

Best of the Triples quarter-final games will probably be that between the Craigengower

combination of G. Hoag Choy, F. O. Maud and S. Leonard and the Recreio three of A. A. da Silva, A. A. Remedios and C. A. Danenberg, which is scheduled to be played on Tuesday instead of tomorrow.

The Recreio three will be fielding a substitute for A. A. Remedios but are still expected to give their opponents a good run for all their worth.

The fact that the CCC combination are the conquerors of the Luz brothers and that they are the only Recreio survivors in this event should be added incentive to them in their attempt to pull through this game.

Of tomorrow's three matches, I. Ali, M. B. Hassan and A. M. Omar despite their disappointing results in the Pairs and Rinks events, are still regarded as the top favourites and should be able to get through in this event at least to the semi-final.

Taikoo's G. Sturk, M. Douglass and J. B. Baxter are not incapable of upsetting the Indians, but the odds will probably be much too heavy against them.

Kowloon Cricket Club's A. V. Lopes, E. R. Rosset and C. R. Rosset are playing in top form at the moment, especially after their brilliant victory in the rinks competition last week-end. It will take some exceptional bowling on the part of HKFC's K. B. Baker, P. Cottler and E. Greenwood to stop them from entering the next round.

CLOSER GAME

A much closer game is anticipated between HKFC's P. Gardner, K. Forrow, and J. K. Sloan and Craigengower's C. K. Sung, C. C. Ma and A. H. Soemlin. I should say the odds are about even in this match with the issue depending on the form of the day.

In the Pairs quarter-finals to be played on Thursday, Recreio has been rather unlucky in having their two surviving pairs clash against each other. The Luz brothers hold a slight edge in what should be a very well contested game.

The strongest combination among the quarter-finalists is probably that of W. Guffrey and Bill Hong Sing. I doubt if the Coelho brothers have enough resources to check the KCC pair in what looks like a trip to the final.

C. C. Ma and A. H. Soemlin are conceded a slight edge over Kowloon Dock's W. Davidson and R. Gourlay.

The fourth quarter-final match will also be a close affair with the Filipino pair of A. C. Siqueira and S. Silva enjoying slight superiority over Taikoo's G. T. Graham and R. B. Marshall.

TODAY'S GAMES

First Division
PRC v. Recreio "Blues".
Recreio "Whites" v. IRC "Blues".
IRC "Gold" v. KCC.
FC v. KBGC.
CCC (bye).

Second Division
PRC v. KCC.
HKFC v. KDC.
USRC v. TC.
CCC v. FC.
HKCC (bye).

Third Division
KCC v. PRC.
HKFC v. POC.
KBGC v. HKFC.
FC v. USRC.
KDC (bye).

HOW THEY STAND

First Division
P. W. D. L. Pts.
Recreio "Blues" 14 11 0 3 55

THIS NEW ENGLISH SOCCER SEASON WILL BE A CRUCIAL ONE

Says DON REVIE

Watch this new soccer season closely. It will be crucial for the future of the game. Attendances at matches have been falling. So has our national prestige. Wolves have lost 'n Russia; in Belfast the United Kingdom XI lost 4-1 to the Rest of Europe.

Why? We used to be masters. Now, whenever we play the crack continental we seem to get a hiding. What is wrong with our football?

Well, no one is more conscious than I am that British footballers must really get down to the job. But we are not the only ones. You who watch us from the terraces are partly to blame too.

Watching a League soccer match today, how many times do you hear people shouting "Get rid of it", "Get stuck in", "Dirty!"

Those words echo regularly round our football grounds in Britain—and too many players take note of them. For the crowds expect a man to beat an opponent by dribbling. They thrill to the individual and ignore the team. So as soon as a player receives the ball, they

insist that he shall race off madly towards the opposing goal; they expect him to be a Stan Matthews and beat an opponent every time by ball juggling. They cheer the sliding tackle.

But in Belfast the continentals never resorted to the sliding tackle which delights so many spectators. They rolled the ball from man to man with accuracy and control. That is the way to play football nowadays; that is what British players—and spectators—have got to learn this season.

As I was a member of the Great Britain team in Belfast, I had the chance to chat with M. Biberot, who trained the Rest of Europe team. He gave me plenty of useful hints for players and spectators.

LEARN TO WALK FIRST

Continental footballers, he said, are not afraid of passing back. If a winger has reached the bye-line, he is encouraged to pass the ball back 20 yards to his wing half, if he finds the goalmouth congested.

How different this is to many of our wingers, who are encouraged—and applauded—if they lob over a high centre, which almost certainly will be gathered by the goalkeeper.

Imagine the reaction of crowds if their team on reaching the opposing goalmouth suddenly started to work the ball. Spectators would boo at once and tell them they were fiddling. And we, I am afraid, would listen to them.

But on the continent they know better. Keep possession of the ball; that is their first aim. As in Rugby, you can often make better progress by passing the ball back and luring a defence out of position than by orthodox go-ahead methods.

Part of the reason is only part of the story. The reason in the fact that for too long there has been an Iron Curtain round our Soccer, shutting out new ideas on training and technique.

When I asked M. Biberot about training methods he commented: "In the first place our men wear no shin guards; they have lightweight boots which make them about 2lb. lighter per man. This is what you want on hard pitches where speed is essential."

"Your players do a lot of lapping on their training. Our men loosen up first. Then they all—even goalkeeper and backs—precise sprints for about ten minutes. We aim to get every man as sharp as a razor over the first ten yards."

"When we play a practice match, we walk. Yes, walk. In this way we encourage men to take up position correctly at walking speed while the ball is rolled from man to man. If someone fails to get into position to receive a pass, the game is stopped and the error pointed out. Then the game is restarted. Later on we increase from walking pace to a jog trot, then work up to full speed."

LOUDSPEAKER COMMENTARY

This news made me sit up. For here was one explanation of the continentals' astonishing accuracy. They walk before they run; while in this country we try to run before we walk. We try to get to the other goalmouth in too short a time.

Another lesson that continental football can teach us is

SPORTS QUIZ

- In which Test series did two captains leading their countries for the first time each record victories in their first two games?
- With which sports do you associate the following: (a) Sir Thomas Lipton, (b) J. T. Roanquet, (c) Ewart Potgieter, (d) Mervyn Wood.
- He won a world title at one sport; later became a Champion at another; is now making his name in films. Who is he?
- Which two of these four events are included in the Decathlon: (a) Throwing the discus (b) 400 Metres (c) 200 Metres (d) Throwing the hammer?
- What is the diameter of a hole in golf: (a) 3ins, (b) 4½ins, (c) 6ins?
- Who competes for (a) The Sheffield Shield, (b) The Corbillion Cup, (c) The Golden Gloves, (d) The Diamond Skulls?
- Anagrams. Sort out the famous personalities: (a) JEO EERIMC, (b) MYMOT WALTON, (c) TREP AMY, (d) EABB TRUH.
- How tall are the stumps in cricket: (a) 22ins, (b) 30ins, (c) 44ins?
- What is an opec?
- Where does an Albatross bear an egg?

(Answers See Page 17)

Bulgarians Plan Britain's Next Soccer Lesson

By DENNIS ROBERTS

The Bulgarians are preparing the next soccer lesson for the British, and the plan is to hand it out in an Olympic Games preliminary round tie in Sofia on October 28.

This round will be decided on a home and away basis. The Bulgarians hope to win their home fixture by such a margin that the return game on May 12 will be a mere formality.

Winners join 15 other countries in the competition proper at Melbourne the following winter.

The Bulgarians (after Britain's amateur by labelling the Sofia fixture as "the match of the century".

To find the reason I went to their London legation and there the acting Charge d'Affaires, Mr. Dinko Velkov, joined his Press attaché, Mr. Christo Kolov, to answer my questions.

BRITISH SOCCER

"Why is this the match of the century? Because so much has been said about British soccer lately, and so much is at stake," said Mr. Velkov.

Unfortunately the Bulgarians apparently expect to see players like Billy Wright and Stanley Matthews in the British Olympic team.

"We do not call our footballers amateurs or professionals like the British," said Mr. Kolov.

"We just have footballers," added Mr. Velkov. "They have other jobs, so naturally they are amateurs."

The Bulgarian football system, closely resembles that of other Iron Curtain countries. Five years have passed since they beat the Puskas-led Hungarians 1-0, and in that time they have gained several outstanding wins.

"If we are like the Russians it is because our languages are so similar," Mr. Velkov told me.

"Our football is managed by a supreme committee for physical culture. Our clubs fight for the Red Army Cup and we have a Dynamo club like Moscow."

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Strict Supervision Is Needed To Prevent A Rich Crop Of Spurious Boxing Champions

Says OUR BOXING REPORTER

There is no honour quite so hollow as that which is claimed but which has never in fact been won. It is an offence in normal society for an individual to wear certain uniforms or badges of rank to which he is not entitled: it is similarly an offence in certain circumstances to claim or imply bogus title.

Down through the years boxing has been particularly vulnerable to this sort of make believe ballyhoo and only strict supervision has prevented the growth of a rich crop of spurious Champions such as we see in wrestling.

In most cases the bogus claims have been essentially commercial and the label of champion has been intended to attract more paying customers to this or that fight.

The administrators of professional boxing have always been vigilant and they have been quick to crack down on men who laid claim to fictitious titles.

I am surprised to find that here in Hongkong there are those in our midst who, although amateurs, are not

FORGOTTEN

The three individuals concerned were in fact wearing the belts awarded to the men who won the Colony Championships when these were staged recently by the Hongkong Amateur Boxing Association.

Henderson Is Picked To Race Vs France

Ronnie Henderson, 21-year-old Newcastle athlete passed over by selectors against Germany and Hungary despite being runner-up in the 1954 and 1955 AAA Half-Mile Championships, earns his first full international vest against France at Bordeaux on September 3 and 4. He partners Derek Johnson in the 800 Metres.

Also picked for his first international is Brian Barrett, Surrey AC's small Miller, who, with Derek Ibbotson, runs in the 5,000 Metres.

Chris Chataway is not in the team—he will be in Sweden with the Athletics Club at the time. Eric Shirley, 20-year-old Finchley Harrier who ran such a storming 3,000 Metres step-chase to finish second to John Disley against Hungary, is also in the team.

Disley is rested, but you can expect him to partner Chris Bracher when the teams to meet Russia and Czechoslovakia are announced. Chataway will run in Moscow against the Russians, but will return immediately for the opening of commercial television, to take up his new job as a news commentator.

DECLINED

Former British Shot Put Champion John Savidge, who returns from Australia today, has declined to compete against France, but the selectors hope he will take part in the Iron Curtain tour.

If British 220-yard Champion George Ellis has not recovered from his pulled thigh muscle, his place in the 200 Metres will go to Mike Ruddy, and Adrian Breaker will run in the 100 Metres.

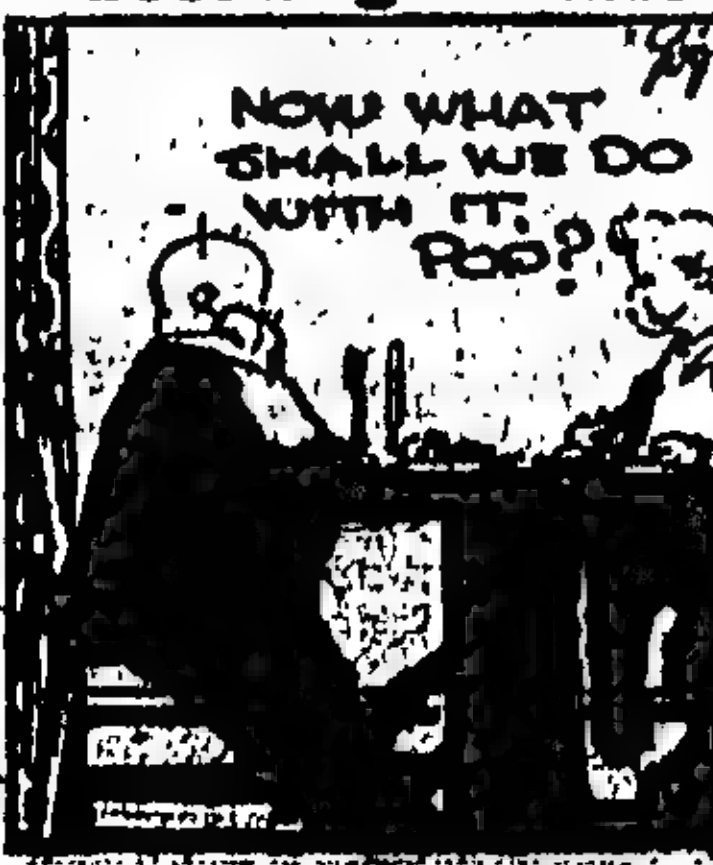
Breaker, 21-year-old Mitcham sprinter, created a small stir by winning the 100 Yards in the British Games and clocking 9.9sec.

In the women's team, Thelma Hopson, who won both 100 and 200 Yards against Germany and Hungary, was asked not to be included for the French match. But she is a

POP



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TO THE VERY LAST HOUR ENGLAND WERE NOT SURE OF VICTORY AT THE OVAL

Says BRUCE DOOLAND

The Springboks shook Australia. They promised to shake England. And despite England's final win at the Oval that is just what they have done.

So full credit to a team which, though it may have lacked what some people like to describe as "class", made up for all that by sheer fighting spirit, superb fielding, and a determination to take every scrap to the very limit of their strength. To the very last hour England were not sure of this series.

They didn't fluster when England completely reorganised their side and packed it with batting down to number nine for the final, classic battle at the Oval. They just set about the big names and whittled them away. Speaking to the England players during the week I realised how much they had been impressed by the fight the South Africans showed in that Oval finale, especially on the field.

The bowlers refused to send up loose balls and the fielders hurled themselves right and left to stop even half-runs. As an Englishman put it, "the way these characters hit their laundry contract." Bonny fighters, happy cricketers, players England did well to beat.

Apart from the entertainment they provided for thousands during their games, I reckon the best service done by the Springboks was to give a clear warning that the winning of those Ashes last winter did not settle as many England team problems as we had thought.

CLEAR LIMITATIONS

In short the Springboks have shown up England's clear limitations—especially in batting—and warned selectors and supporters that much better stuff will have to be produced next summer if Australia are to be held again.

Another lesson of this season's struggles is how much England depends on speed bowlers. Separately they do not add up to half the effectiveness they produce in tandem.

So it strikes me that a number one priority before next summer is to get Frank Tyson thoroughly fit. I see his down to travel to the West Indies with a privately arranged cricket tour around March. Nor-

mally, this would be an excellent holiday "loosener" for the English season. But this time I hope he'll be talked out of it. For I can think of nothing better than a month of pouncing on hard West Indian pitches to start heel blisters again.

Asked this week to pick my Five Cricketers of the Year, I didn't find it very easy. But, after going round in lots of circles I name three of the Springboks and two members of the England team.

Top of the list I put Jackie McGlew. He has been the backbone of the South African batting time after time. And the tougher the fight, the better he has fought. He took over from Jack Chesham as skipper in two Tests and hit hundreds at the same time to help win them both. He has also proved himself the best cover-point fielder in the world. I don't hesitate to put him top of the poll. In any world eleven today he would be an automatic choice as opener.

Next I pick South African all-rounder Trevor Goddard. This young, slender, left-hander has a quality of courage and application in his cricket which you've got to admire. Not many lads in their early twenties have ever opened both the bowling and batting in their national side—yet Goddard has done it several times. He also bowled so well in the first four Tests—negative leg-stump stuff if you like—that England had to re-organise their team completely because of it.

Any player good enough to win a compliment as great as that packs a lot of what it takes. That's why young Trevor walks into my five men of the year.

Next I have Hughie Tayfield, the Springbok off-spinner. I rate him just about the best off-

spinner in the world on all wickets. And I admire the fact that he thinks. There is nothing automatic in his bowling. He schemes, then flings and varies his attack with every subtlety of the spinner's craft.

And, as those 52 world record consecutive overs at the Oval clearly proved, he is not afraid of hard work. Moreover, despite that tremendous spell, I'll wager he was still holding as hard and as willingly as any other member of the party between times! So in goes Tayfield with his hundred wickets for the tour and his record of being the first South African to complete 100 wickets in Test cricket.

BAPTISM FOR MAY

Topping the England list I put skipper Peter May. This has been a tougher baptism of captaincy than was expected. Like the experienced Len Hutton before him he found all too little support from the other batsmen of his side. Far too often he was carrying the worry and the "can" for getting runs as well. Yet, in his first season, he has done magnificently. I don't know anybody in England at the moment, who could be classed as a better batsman.

The last of the five was the most difficult to choose. I thought of Denis Compton who has defied his groggy knee for yet another season and carried so much of the batting brunt with May. Then I thought of the great-hearted Brian Statham. And lastly of the fighting Tony Lock.

It was Lock I chose. I have regarded him as the most dangerous left-handed bowler in the country for a long time and his recent incredible run of match-winning performances must count towards his inclusion among my Big Five.

I know everybody will have their own ideas about the five men of the year. Probably every selection is a right one. But if you've had as much fun picking them as I had picking mine we can cheerfully agree on minor differences. After all one of the great joys of cricket is that you can still carry it on in this way, before the long, long after stumps have been drawn.

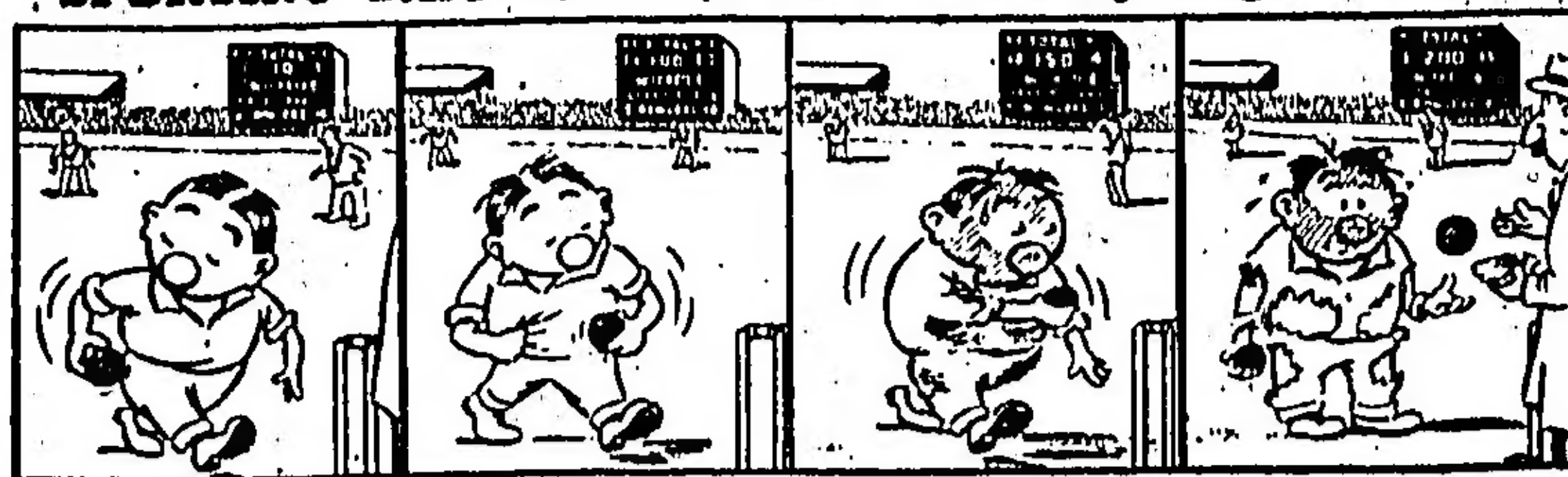
COACHING HINT

I have just seen some fine pictures of Hugh Tayfield in action. One of the most impressive things about him is the way he uses the bowling crease. Sometimes he comes so close to the bowler's wicket he nearly brushes the balls off. Next time he comes in so wide that he almost bowls a co-ball by going outside the edge of the crease. Why not take a tip from Tayfield? Very few angles at which you send the ball to the batsman. Although Tayfield's an off-spinner, I've seen him bowl a complete over of straight ones, then four spinners in a row. The moral? Use your head—and the crease.

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SPORTING SAM

By Reg. Wootton



LITTLE MO ON THE WIGHTMAN CUP

"Couldn't-win" Angela

Played Like A Champion

Says MAUREEN CONNOLLY

Angela Mortimer, 23-year-old English Wightman Cup star, pulled off the greatest victory of her tennis career by defeating American Champion Doris Hart.

Mortimer, who before the match said she couldn't beat Hart, was the picture of confidence. The heavy turf didn't affect her retrieving powers, nor did bad bounces discourage her efforts.

She kept plugging away, deftly placing her shots from corner to corner, and keeping Hart on the run.

Hart missed many ground strokes in the first set which enabled Mortimer to do as she pleased. And Angela showed cleverness in mixing the pace of her shots.

IMPROVED FORM

The improvement over her Wimbledon form was most noticeable.

After trailing 0-2, Mortimer pulled up 2-2, then jumped to a 4-2 lead by taking advantage of Hart errors. Games followed service, and Angela won the set after three set points.

Mortimer let down in the second set, enabling Hart to hit her stride. Doris pounded the lines and won 6-1.

Tension was in the air in the third set and both players were affected. But then Hart hit a hot streak and ran up a 5-2 lead.

Mortimer appeared nervous, seemed to stop fighting, and looked as if content to win only one set. Then her mouth struck a determined line. She reverted to her first-set steady style and pulled up to 5-5.

Hart became nervous and again began to overhit. Mortimer, like a true champion, plunged into the next game with renewed vigour and won the match with backhand drop shots.

The opening match pitted Louise Brough, Wimbledon Champion, against England's Shirley Bloomer. This was Bloomer's first Wightman Cup singles appearance.

Although the English girl put up a game fight Brough knew too many tricks. Employing slices, chops, and a relentless net attack, Brough gave Bloomer little chance to hit her fine ground strokes.

Brough won the match on two tactics. She dropped short and went up to the net behind the shot. If Bloomer reached the sinking ball, she set it up for a Brough volley.

LURED TO NET

Her other trick was luring Bloomer to the net, and lobbing over her head. On the wet grass Bloomer was wary of running backwards.

I feel one reason Shirley could not cope with Brough's tactics was because of the large backswing she takes on every ball. On her forehead particularly, the late swinging cramps her stroke.

Brough's short shots were effective but Bloomer's only



LITTLE MO ON THE JOB

aided Louise's net attack. The American's service was another important factor. Bloomer should try hitting instead of blocking both the flat and American twist deliveries.

The experience of Brough and Mrs. Dupont overcame youth. Pat Ward and Bloomer, in the doubles, The British girls ran up a 3-0 lead, then, over-eager for another win, tried rushing games and rushed themselves out of the match.

The Americans displayed perfect teamwork. Ward came to life at 3-2 in the second set with a spectacular backhand volley of Brough's return of Bloomer's serve, but later missed easy set-points.

SECOND DAY

Wimbledon Champion Louise Brough had one of those days against Angela Mortimer when she could not miss. Every stroke she hit clipped the line. Angela was quite unable to cope with Brough's power.

I have never seen Louise play so well. She hit with authority, yet mixed up her game with a subtly chopped, angled shot. Angela tried for every ball, but she does not possess the power with which to retaliate and could not take the offensive.

When she did try forcing tactics she was at a loss, because she has not the serve or net game needed.

DOUBLE FAULTS

Whenever Louise had the British girl on the run, she followed up to the net and deftly volleyed or smashed away Angela's returns. But Angela angled her own downfall by serving double faults. In the third game she served three in a row.

Nobody can afford that type of error in top-flight competition.

Angela also made a repeated error of hitting to Brough's backhand, when Louise's weakest stroke is her forehand, upon which she rarely follows up.

The whole art in playing Brough is to keep her away from the net. English players must learn to tolerate their game and hit to an opponent's weakness.

For the first five games against Dorothy Knodel, Angela Buxton was so nervous and over-anxious she rarely hit the ball into court.

But when Angela began to settle down and started battling the ball instead of worrying about tactics, she pulled up to 3-5. At that stage she was running Dorothy Knodel from corner to corner, and continually throwing in a short ball.

Knodel won only through a beautiful ground-stroke, cross-court display, and a shot which she sliced to Angela's backhand and which broke wide.

TOO FIRM

This was Dorothy Knodel's most effective play, as Angela Buxton does not run wide well. She skips over to the spot from which she can cover the ball, but instead of keeping light on her feet and ready to move farther, she plays her feet firmly in the ground and stretches for the ball.

Angela must be taught better footwork and learn to bend down for the ball on grass instead of standing upright.

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Answers To Sports Quiz

1. This year's series between England and Australia. Peter May led England to victory in the first two Tests. In the third and fourth Jackie McGlew took over the South African captaincy and led the side to victory.
2. (a) Yachting, (b) Cricket, (c) Boxing, (d) Rowing.
3. Primo Carnera.
4. (a) and (b).
5. 4 1/2 ins.
6. (a) Australian State cricket; (b) Women's table tennis; (c) American amateur boxers; (d) Skulkers at Henley.
7. Joe Mercer, Tommy Lawton, Peter May, Babe Ruth.
8. 28 ins.
9. A sword used in fencing.
10. In golf. An Albatross is three under par, an Eagle is two under par.

Nothing Indecisive About Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championships

There was nothing indecisive about the Inter-Services Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon. The Army beat both the Royal Navy six matches to love, and the RAF beat both the Army and Navy by the same maximum score to retain the title. In fact, the Airmen dropped only two sets in their 12-0 total victory.

Not surprising really, considering that included in their team were Billy Knight, the Davis Cup player, Michael Davies, the brilliant Welsh boy, and G. E. Mudge, on the fringe of International honours.

The Army, captained by the English International, John Pickard, first of all beat the Navy, and the outstanding feature of the encounter was the match between Pickard and the Navy Champion, W. W. Threlfall, which Pickard won at 7-5, 6-8, 7-5 after Threlfall had led 3-1 in the final set.

Pickard quite failed to hold Knight in the Army-RAF meeting and was beaten 6-1, 8-6 by some of the best lawn tennis of the week. Pickard, however, achieved that unusual feat of taking five games in succession off the Davis Cup man.

In the RAF-Navy match Knight took a love set from Threlfall, but when he relaxed in the second set, Threlfall took four games in a row. There was never any doubt, however, who would win.

Knight, who was the outstanding player of the week, had just previously won the RAF Individual Championship, beating Davies in the final. He took the title for the loss of only eleven games in twelve sets, and the benefit of his winter in Australia was apparent throughout the tournament. Threlfall, by the way, won the Navy title for the fourth year in succession.

The Women's Inter-Services Championships was taken by the Women's Royal Army Corps with eight wins. The Women and WRAF beat five wins apiece. The WRAC beat the WRNS 4-2 and the WRAF by the same margin to retain the title.

Major Dudman, Hon. Secretary of the Army Lawn Tennis Association told me that the destination of the Championship was obvious before the tournament started, as, of course, it was with Knight and Davies in the RAF ranks to sweep the singles and with Budge and

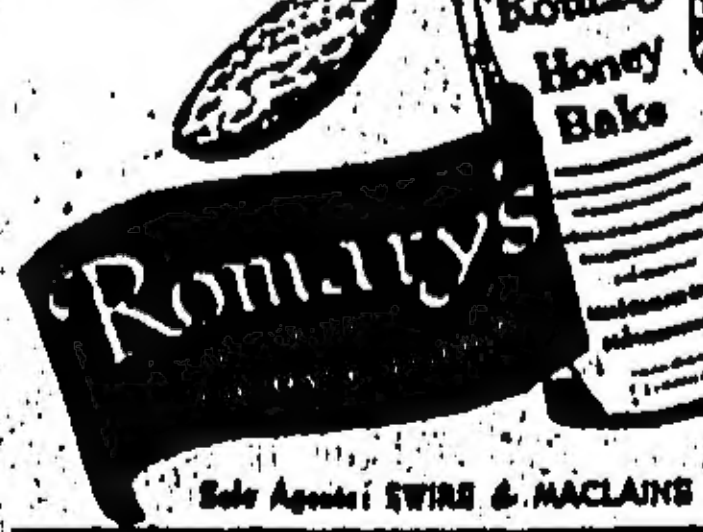
THE GAMBOLS

By Barry Appleby



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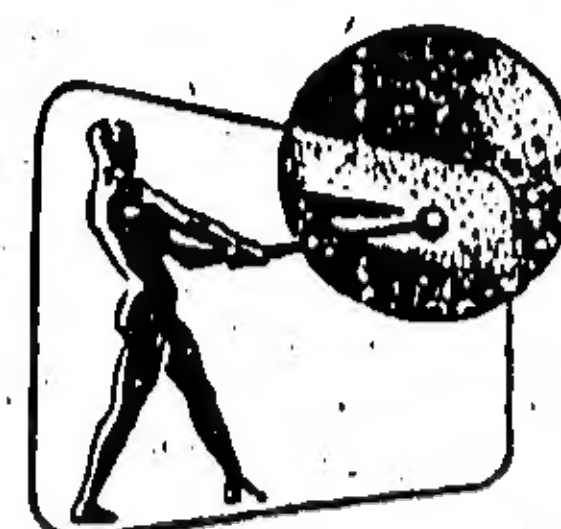
is the story of one of the great acts of courage during the war.

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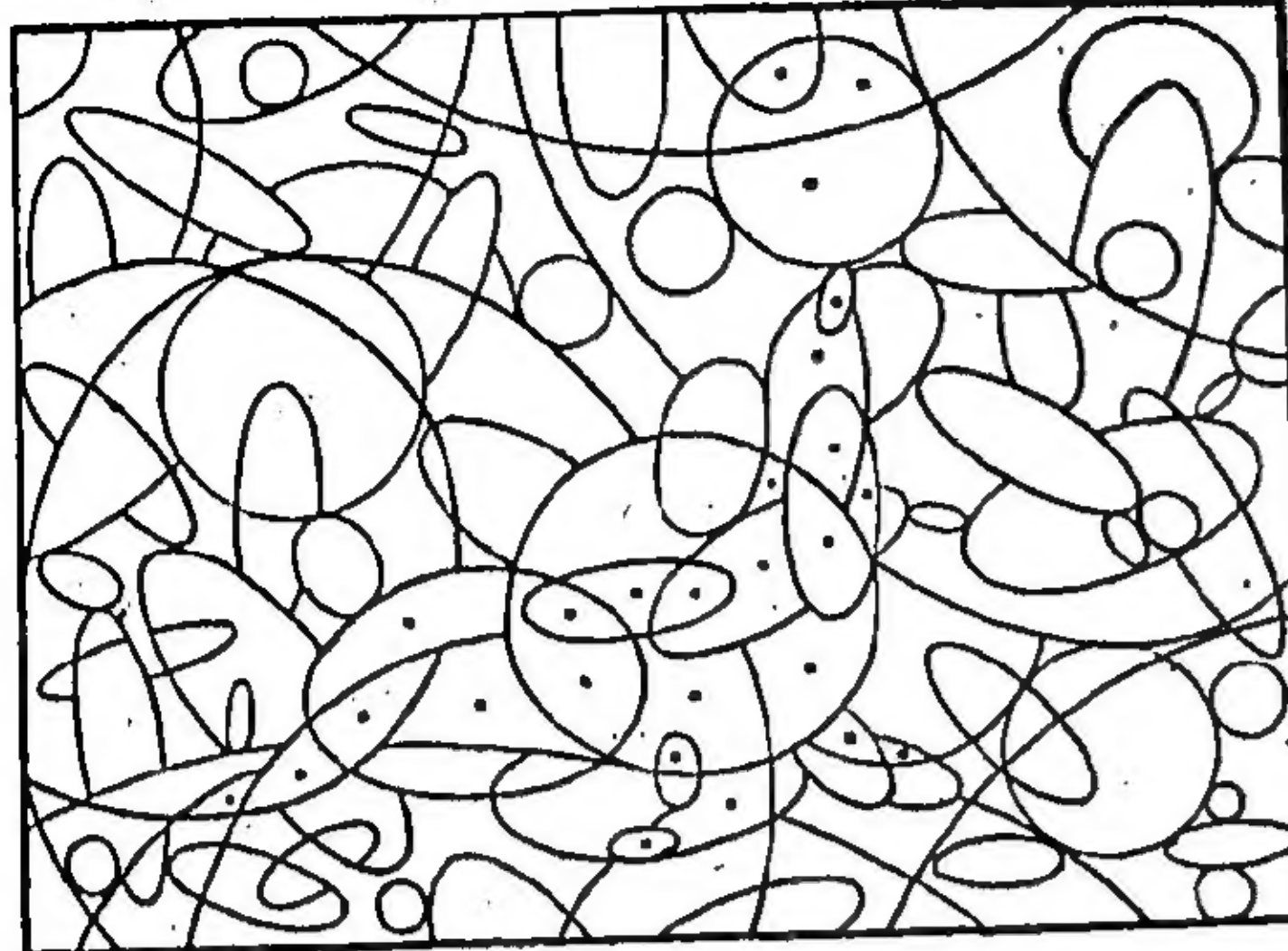
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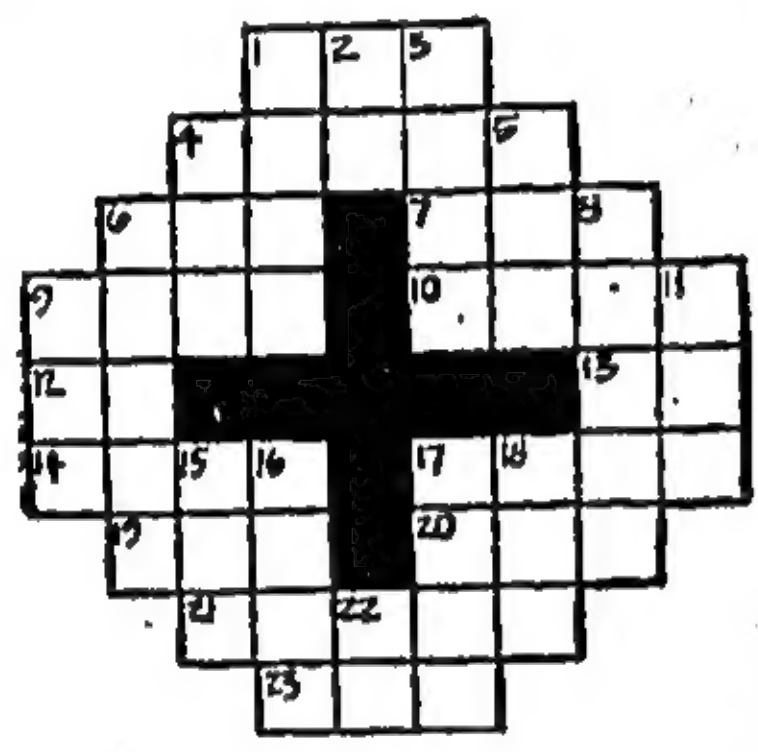
The lines in this diagram conceal a silhouette of something you all know. Can you see what it is? If not, black in with a pencil all those shapes that contain a dot.

(Solution on Page 20)

PRESIDENTIAL PUZZLES

This week's puzzles are based on names of American Presidents.

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Light touch
- 4 George Washington was the U.S. President
- 6 Put on
- 7 Wife
- 9 Allowance for waste
- 10 Indian peasant
- 12 Three-toed sloth
- 13 Preposition
- 14 Dissolve
- 17 Blow with open hand
- 19 Observe
- 20 Sesame
- 21 Cupidity
- 23 Cartographer

DOWN

- 1 Liquid measure
- 2 Measure of land
- 3 Former Russian ruler
- 4 Enemy
- 5 Attempt
- 6 Wipes
- 8 Sum
- 9 Scottish cap
- 11 Spinning toy
- 15 Lower limb
- 16 Duration of office
- 17 Pace
- 18 Cover
- 22 Each (adv.)

PRESIDENTIAL SQUARE

Find the right starting point and then read each letter either up, down, backward, or forward (but not diagonally) to find the seven U.S. Presidents in this square.

N	I	H	S	J	E
G	A	S	M	F	F
T	W	D	A	E	R
O	N	A	N	O	S
C	A	J	M	A	D
K	S	E	O	S	I
N	O	K	R	O	N
P	O	L	N	O	M

PRESIDENTIAL MIX-UPS

Here are four early Presidents of the United States. Rearrange the letters in each strange line to form their names:

QUAD JAM NOSY CHIN
BURN ARM VINE NAT
HERO YARN I MILL WARM
HIS
LYRE HN JOT

PARTY SCRAMBLERS

Four presidential parties of the United States are in these strange lines. They can be found by rearranging the letters in each line:

LISTED TEAM
GHIW
AM RED COY
PA BLAD NICE

WORD GAME WITH RHYMERS

HERE are some one-syllable words. The definition following each word is of a three-syllable word which rhymes with it. For example, the word in No. 1 which rhymes with DRY is BUTTERFLY. Try to think of all the other rhymers.

1. DRY — Beautiful winged insect.
2. SEW — Country in the Western Hemisphere.
3. SPLASH — Corn and beans cooked together.
4. PILL — A yellow spring flower.
5. FRIED — Wood turned into stone.
6. SLOW — Wireless.
7. GUESS — Joy; delight.
8. HINT — A kind of candy.
9. GAIN — Terrific wind storm.
10. STATE — To move to another country.
11. PLANT — Large pachyderm.
12. BONE — Talk on long distance.
13. WADE — A cold drink.
14. FREE — One of the United States.
15. BOAT — Outer garment. (Answers on Page 20)

COME ON A WORLD CRUISE

By Myra Dixon

HOW ABOUT a trip around the world this summer? A book is your ticket and here's an itinerary.

ENGLAND — "The Little Princess" by Frances Hodgson Burnett is a Cinderella story of a little girl who lived long ago in the London of Queen Victoria's day.

FRANCE — "Pancakes Paris" by Claire Hutchet Bishop tells how Charles, a poor half-starved French boy, acquires some American pancake mix and what he does with it.

BELGIUM — "The Bluebird" by Maurice Maeterlinck. The bluebird, the symbol of happiness, is hunted by a boy and his sister. Do you know where they found it?

HOLLAND — "Hans Brinker or the Silver Skates" by Mary Mapes Dodge. This is an old favourite about how Hans and his sister tried to win the silver skates in a race on the Dutch canals.

DENMARK — "The Shoe-maker's Son — The Life of Hans Christian Andersen" by Constance Euel Burnett, is the biography of the famous fairy tale poet. People all over the world celebrated the 150th anniversary of his birth on April 2 of this year.

SWITZERLAND — "Heidi" by Johanna Spyri is an old story

of how a little mountain girl brought health and happiness to Klara, the sick little rich girl from the city.

HUNGARY — "The Good Master" by Kate Seredy, with beautiful illustrations by the author. High-spirited Kate comes from the city to stay on her uncle's farm on the Hungarian plains, where she and her cousin find life full of adventure, including pygmies.

RUSSIA — "Katrinka" by Helen Eggleston Haskell, is an exciting tale of old Russia where a little peasant girl became a famous ballet dancer. She met the last Czar of Russia and his family before they were killed by the Communists in 1918.

THE CANARY ISLANDS — "The Yellow Bird" by Kathleen Field. In the Canary Islands a prince learned about the yellow birds and how he could bring peace to his war-torn country.

AFRICA — "King of the Wind" by Marguerite Henry with glorious pictures by Wesley Dennis. This is the thrilling story of the famous Arabian horse who was the ancestor of the great Man o' War.

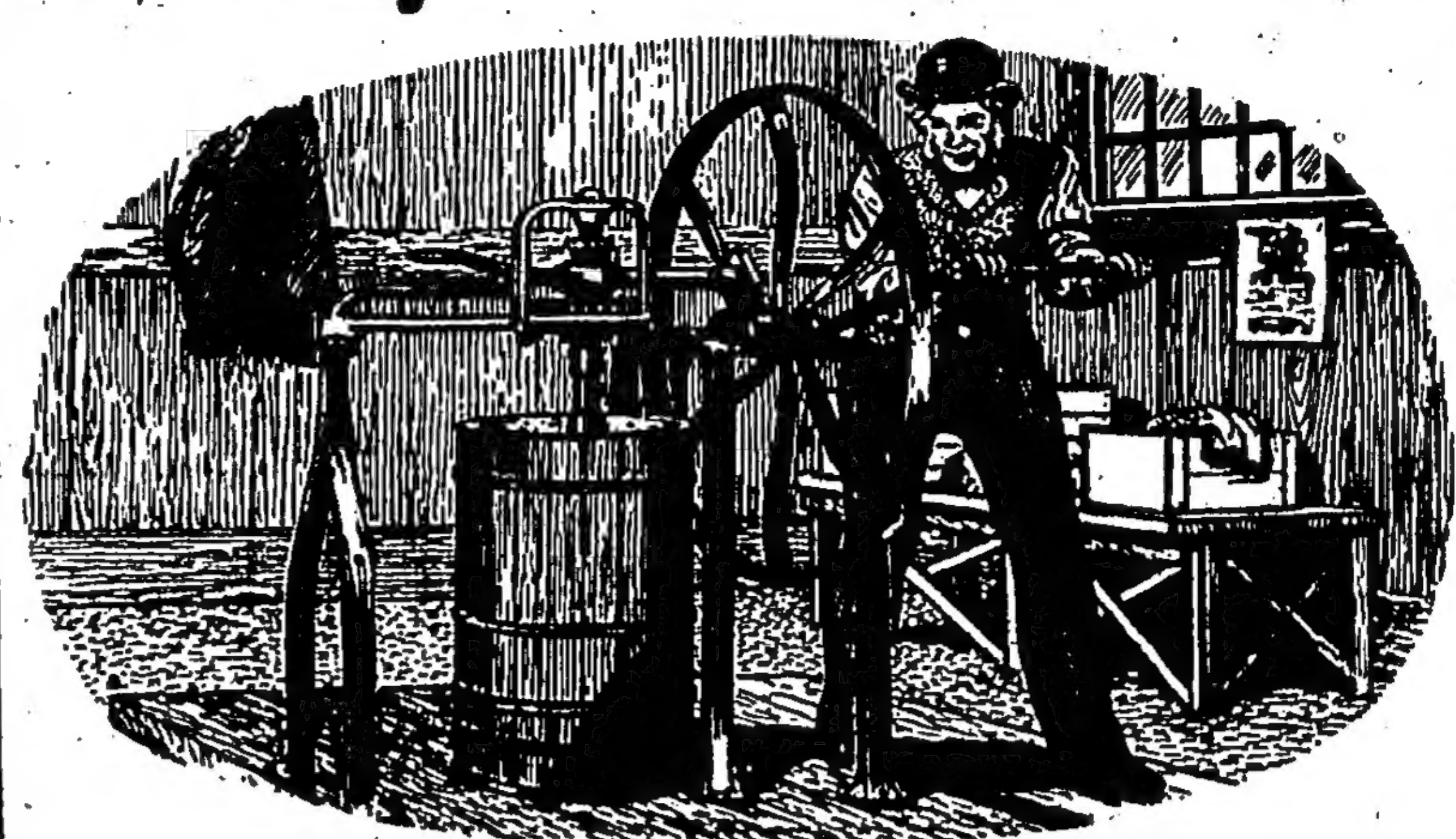
CHINA — "Peachblossom" by Eleanor Lattimore is the story of a Chinese war orphan and her own relations in a very wonderful way.

ZOO'S WHO — "The Yellow Bird" by Kathleen Field. In the Canary Islands a prince learned about the yellow birds and how he could bring peace to his war-torn country.

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A HOT DAY STORY —

Does Anyone Want Ice Cream?



DO YOU EAT ice cream all the year round? Many people do. Do you like vanilla best? That's the favourite with most people. Chocolate is second favourite, and strawberry third.

Remember Nero, who persecuted the early Christians? The one who played the fiddle when Rome was burning?

As you might expect, he was cruel to his servants too. He made swift runners go to the mountains nearest Rome. There they packed snow firmly into baskets, and set off for Rome, running as fast as they could. When these trained runners reached the city with their snow, it was dumped out — or what was left of it — and hastily flavoured with fruit juices and honey by the palace cooks. And Nero ate it.

"Fruit ice" it was called. Though this was more like sherbet, it was the forerunner of our ice cream.

Later the French made sherbet and ice cream both. When Charles I was King of England — about the time the Puritans left for America — he found a recipe for ice cream which he liked so much he made his chef swear not to tell it to anyone. And he promised him a pension for keeping the recipe a secret.

GREAT SUCCESS
A party that was given for President George Washington in New York was a great success because ice cream was served.

This wasn't the first time the Washingtons ate ice cream, and if you go over the household bills for the next few years, you'll see it certainly wasn't the last. During just one summer — 1790, when America's capital was still in New York — over \$200 worth of ice cream was bought by the Washingtons!

It was a woman who invented the first freezer about a hundred years ago. Nancy Johnson made a freezer cranked by hand. Her invention not only made ice cream easier to make, but it made it both cheaper and more plentiful.

For years ice cream was eaten plain in dishes — mostly vanilla, chocolate, and strawberry in summer. Then somebody began putting it in sodas — that was usually vanilla in tall glasses of flavoured soda water — lemon, vanilla, sarsaparilla, raspberry, strawberry, pineapple, cola and chocolate.

Sherbets and ices became popular later, and the walloping big banana splits which were practically a meal in themselves. Now one can buy ice cream in cardboard cups, in bricks, on a stick, in a sandwich, in cake like jelly roll, or dices.

FIRST CONES
The first ice cream cones were made at the St. Louis World's Fair in 1904. Then came sundaes. The first ones had big spoonfuls

of nuts, chocolate or crushed fruit running over a pointed mound of vanilla ice cream.

Mr. Punch agreed that it was a wonderful idea. So did General Bravo the tin soldier, Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Mary-Jane the rag-doll. Think it was a wonderful idea.

Mrs. Cuckoo, who lived in the cuckoo-clock that hung on the wall in the children's room, was the only one who disagreed. "It is absolutely and positively won't work."

It Was About Her
What made it so bad for Mrs. Cuckoo not to agree that the idea was wonderful was that the whole idea was about her. This was the idea as Knarf and Handi first thought of it. They went up inside Mrs. Cuckoo's clock and told her the idea themselves.

"Mrs. Cuckoo," said Handi, "we think you ought to take a rest." "You work all day and all night," added Knarf, "calling out the hours. You have been telling everyone in the house what time it is for days and days — weeks and weeks — and months. You ought to take a long trip and not bother about telling the time at all."

A Beautiful Idea
At first Mrs. Cuckoo looked astonished — then she laid aside her knitting, pushed her spectacles down to the tip of her nose, peered at Knarf and Handi — and burst out laughing. She laughed until the tears ran out of her eyes.

"My dears, my sweet consideration," she said at last. "It's a beautiful idea. There's nothing I'd like better than to take a nice long rest. But it won't work. I wish it would, but it won't. I know it won't."

Knarf and Handi looked so disappointed that Mrs. Cuckoo made both of them come over and sit on her lap. "Who'll take my place in this clock while I'm away having my rest?" "Nobody," said Knarf. "Just lock your door and go away."

"Then the clock will stop going," said Mrs. Cuckoo. "How

She Needed a Rest

—Mrs. Cuckoo Was Worn Out from Telling Time—

By MAX TRELL

IT seemed like a wonderful idea when Knarf and Handi, the shadow-children with the turned-about names, first thought of it.

Mr. Punch agreed that it was a wonderful idea. So did General Bravo the tin soldier, Teddy the Stuffed Bear and Mary-Jane the rag-doll. Think it was a wonderful idea.

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will anybody in the house remember the time? I remind father when it's time to go to work. I remind mother when it's time to wake the children. I remind the children when it's time to go to school. I remind everybody. The clock MUST keep going."

To Take Her Place
Knarf and Handi promised to try to get someone to take Mrs. Cuckoo's place inside the cuckoo-clock while she went off and had herself a long quiet rest.

The first one they asked was the Canary.

"Live inside a cuckoo-clock... me?" the Canary said in surprise. "It's almost as big as living inside a canary cage," said Knarf. "Oh, no, it isn't," said the Canary. "And it's dark in there. And there aren't any perches or swings. And worst of all, I can't say cuckoo. All I can do is sing! So I can't take Mrs. Cuckoo's place while she's away having a rest."

The next one Knarf and Handi spoke to was Chirpie Sparrow when he came to the window-sill for his morning breadcrumbs.

In A Loud Voice
"Moi! I wouldn't live inside ANY house," he said in a very loud voice. He hurriedly ate the breadcrumbs and flew away.

They asked Mrs. Tweetie Robin if she'd take Mrs. Cuckoo's place. "Why, I'd love to," said Tweetie. "But look here, I can't tell time. I'd be sure to call out four for two o'clock and two for four o'clock and get everything mixed up."

They asked the Owl. "Not interested," he said, blinking. "I'd be asleep all day and do all my calling all night. And anyway, I don't just call. I hoot!"

One For Each Hour
But then Handi had a very bright idea. She went to Mr. Merlin the Magician and told him the whole story. Then he snapped his fingers, said some magic words, and a whole flock of cuckoos came flying into the house.

They all said they would take turns calling out the hours... there were just twenty-four cuckoos, one for each hour... So Mrs. Cuckoo packed her valise and folded up her knitting and put her spectacles firmly on the nose and flew off. She didn't say where she was going. But Knarf and Handi and everybody in the house knew she was going away for good. And Mrs. Cuckoo was never seen again.



"I do my calling at night," said the Owl.

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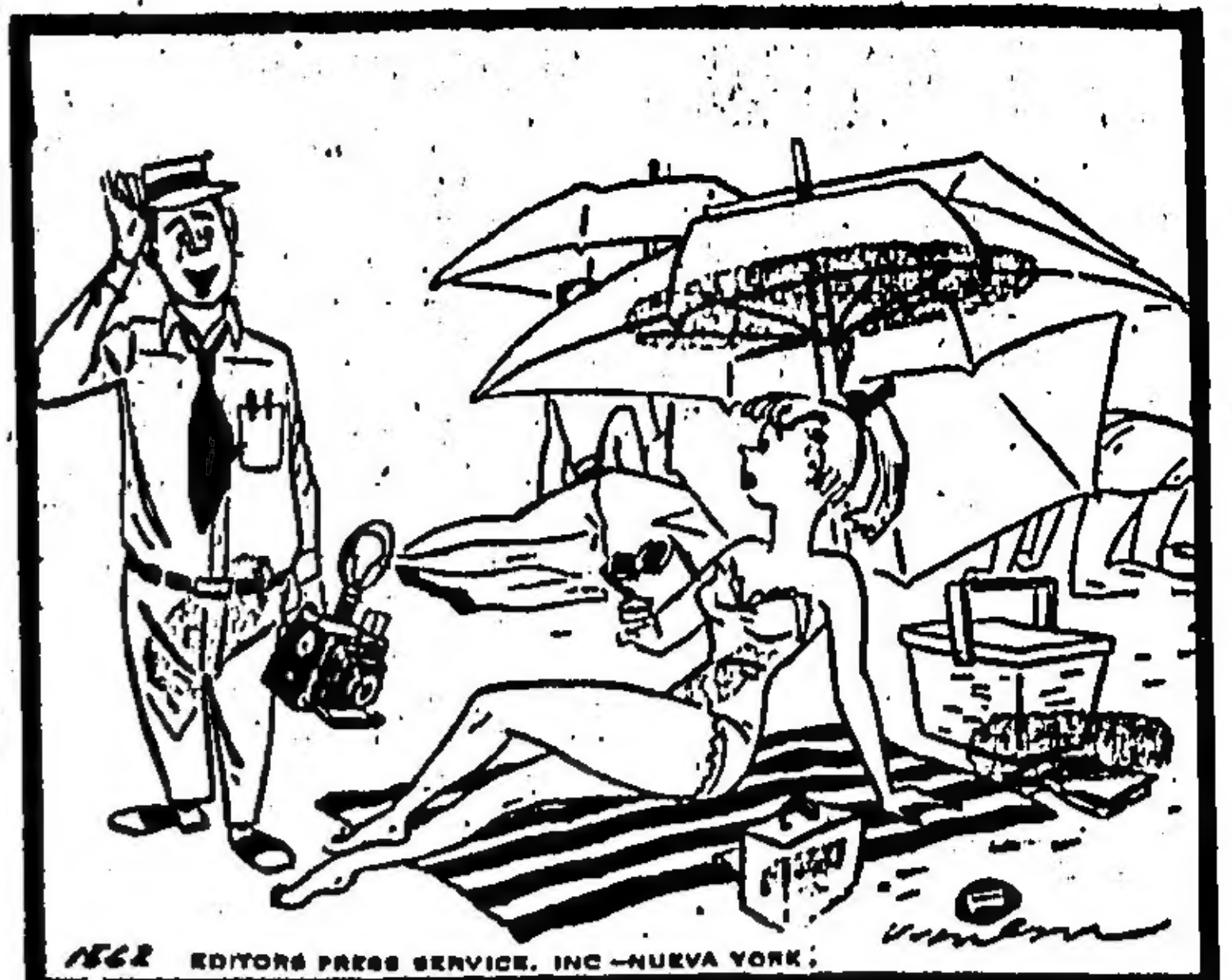
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YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SUNDAY, AUGUST 28
VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be careful if driving in traffic. Perhaps you can plan an outdoor party for a group of neighbors aware of what others are doing.
LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Your spiritual life should be renewed. A good sermon might be very helpful at this time.
SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—This can be a happy day for the domestic front, if wedded. There's romance in the air, if not!

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—The stars say that anything that you plan for today will turn out well. Just don't take it too far.
CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—This might be a good time to invite friends to your home for dinner. It could be lots of fun.
AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—Don't leap into things without first taking a good look. You could be jumping from the frying pan into the fire.



"I'm the 'Enquiring Photographer'—and my question is: 'What are you doing tonight?'"

YOUR BIRTHDAY... By STELLA

SATURDAY, AUGUST 27

BORN today, you have a tremendous amount of energy and get a lot of work done in short order. You men and women do differ rather widely in the exercise of your talents. You of the fair sex are fond of society and like to go to the theatre, the opera and have a gay time. Fond of fine clothes, you are apt to be extravagant in this regard and may need to curb your frivolous tastes somewhat.

On the other hand, you men are a little too serious for your own good and work too hard for long stretches of time without letting up tensions. You are a stern taskmaster with yourself as well as with others and could very well learn to be a little more lenient with these—whose objectives are not as serious as your own.

Your sympathies are strong and you are extremely generous with everything that you have—both time and money. You are inclined to suppress your true feelings, and this attitude is apt to create misunderstandings. Follow your heart when it comes to making your selection of a life partner and yours will be an exceptionally happy marriage.

Among those born on this date are: Lily, historian; Myra Schumann, singer; Owen Johnson and Theodore Dreiser, authors; Peter Norbeck, Charles G. Dawes, and Hannibal Hamlin, statesmen; Sophia Smith, educator; Jules Le Maitre, critic and dramatist.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

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BORN today, you possess a definite touch of genius and it is up to you to see that it is developed to its utmost. Artistic, musical and literary, you will need to select your career early in life and concentrate on it to the exclusion of all else for some years.

You are also interested in philosophy, history, science, and poetry and you may find your happiest life work in one of those fields. In other words, there are few things in which you are not vitally interested and in which you could not shine.

Your emotions are near the surface and you are warmhearted and loving. You are, however, at times capricious and temperamental and must learn to curb this side of your nature as much as possible. Something of a flirt, you are inclined to be influenced by a temporary infatuation more than you should be. Yet, once there is never any swerving in loyalty and devotion. You of the fair sex have a fair for making a home a home. You have a great deal of charm and are fine homemakers and mothers.

Your imagination is exceptionally vivid. You have a talent for making money, too, at things which others may not find remunerative. This is insight, hard work and perseverance as much as it is "luck."

Among those born on this date are: Maurice Maeterlinck, dramatist; Oliver Wendell Holmes, author; Albert Ritsch and David B. Hill, statesmen; Abby Hutchinson, singer; William G. Brownlow, Tennessee Governor.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, AUGUST 29

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Be very positive of the good faith of one to whom you give your trust.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Aspects are favourable for business affairs and they should be the major item on the agenda.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—If you have had your proper quota of rest and run, you will go back to work with lots of pep.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—It's back to work for almost everybody and you have an especially important job to finish.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—It's back to work for you now, and the earlier you get a good start, the better the job is to a problem.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 21-Feb. 19)—All eyes are on you now. You must not be disappointed. You must not be disappointed. You must not be disappointed.

PISCES (Feb. 20-Mar. 20)—This is not the time to be careless with things that you value. Be watchful of all personal possessions.

ARIES (Mar. 21-Apr. 20)—Some surprises may come and today is the time when just that kind might turn up. Be on the lookout!

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—If you have children, making ready to return to school now is the time to prepare.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Getting back on the job may be difficult, but it's a new task to make spectacular progress.

CANCER (June 22-July 22)—You may find that a disclaimer wins an important battle for you. Try that type of approach to a problem.

LEO (July 23-Aug. 22)—All eyes are on you now. You must not be disappointed. You must not be disappointed. You must not be disappointed.

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 27, 1955.

FRANCO-MOROCCAN TALKS

Black Houdini

Nairobi, Aug. 26. The two African police sergeants were acquitted here today of charges of aiding and abetting with a dangerous Mau Mau terrorist to escape from a stone cell where he was secured by three pairs of handcuffs and a chain.

Sergeants Mithara Mithila and Ngumbi Nguli denied aiding and abetting the escape of their prisoner, Mwangi Mumbo and claimed that the prisoner had released himself from the handcuffs and rushed the door when it was opened after he called for water—China Mail Special.

Suhrawardy Refuses To Join Govt

Karachi, Aug. 26. THE Award League leader, Mr. Hasan Suhrawardy, said here tonight that it was "impossible" for him to join Pakistan's new government. He told a news conference here: "I am told a national government could be formed if my party joined the present government."

"I am afraid a national government is not formed by bringing all parties together. It is formed only if the government has a national outlook and national policy, and if its aim is to serve national interests and not party interests."

Mr. Suhrawardy said the Muslim League (largest single party now governing in coalition with the United Front group) had shown that it considered its own interests first—Reuters.

£1 A HEAD FOR TERRORISTS

Allegation Against Army Sergeant

Nairobi, Aug. 26. A British sergeant charged with murdering an African was alleged in court in Nyeri today to have been so keen to kill terrorists that he had offered members of his platoon £1 for each body.

Sergeant Alfred Edward Pimblett, 34, of Portsmouth, was facing a preliminary inquiry into a charge of murdering a Kipsigis tribesman named Solia Arap Toyet on May 7.

County Cricket Table

London, Aug. 26. Positions and points in the County Cricket Championship at the close of the series of games which ended today are:

County	P	W	L	D	T	Pts
Surrey	28	22	4	0	0	272
Yorkshire	28	21	5	2	0	258
Gloucestershire	27	11	15	7	0	121
Hampshire	26	14	5	6	1	188
Sussex	26	11	8	6	1	172
Northamptonshire	27	9	18	5	0	142
Derbyshire	26	9	15	9	0	142
Leicestershire	27	10	10	3	0	140
Warwickshire	28	10	9	9	0	140
Nottinghamshire	27	9	11	7	0	130
Gloucestershire	27	9	11	7	0	110
Essex	27	11	14	3	0	110
Kent	27	11	14	3	0	110
Worcestershire	27	11	14	3	0	110
Glamorgan	27	11	14	3	0	110
Somerset	27	11	14	3	0	110

Derbyshire and Leicestershire include two points for a first innings tie in a drawn match. Sussex include two points for a first innings tie in a lost match—Reuters.

DARTWORDS SOLUTION

ABOVE Board Hoard Mier Merry Gloom Loom Look Laura Red Nest Cuckoo Clock Black Obsolete Tact Ruler Layer Lawyer Sawyer Turn Boy Joy Jump Pump Steak Kidney Bean Began Started Start Self Full Wealth Health Tourist Coast Clear All Wall Backs Lasts Laces Scale Score Crow Crop Neck Nick Nips

Optimistic Note Reached By Delegates

Aix Les Bains, Aug. 26. The Franco-Moroccan conference aimed at finding an agreement between France and the various Moroccan nationalist parties for the inauguration of political autonomy in Morocco ended here tonight on an optimistic note.

The French Premier, M. Edgar Faure, who has headed the five-man committee of French Ministers which has successively throughout this week interviewed the representatives of every shade of political opinion in the North African protectorate, told reporters here tonight:

"These consultations have left me with a very favourable impression. I consider that the work of conciliation which I have undertaken must not be allowed to fail. No doubt there will still be some difficulties in completing the work to which we have set our hands but I am now convinced that a solution of the Moroccan problem is possible."

M. Faure said he was returning to Paris tomorrow morning and would there see the French Resident-General in Morocco, M. Gilbert Grandval.

He also announced that there would be a full Cabinet meeting in Paris on Sunday at which he would ask his Ministerial colleagues to adopt a French

policy towards Morocco based on the consultations which have taken place here this week.

Ticklish Point

He also indicated further contacts with representatives of the Moroccan political parties for the discussion of outstanding points might still take place here and the Minister for Tunisia and Morocco, M. July, might return to Aix next week for that purpose.

Agreement on a plan to inaugurate home rule in Morocco had virtually been reached here between the French Government and the various Moroccan leaders this week.

The one ticklish point about which French and Moroccan views have still to be fully reconciled concerns the exact time and circumstances for bringing to France the ex-Sultan, Mohammed Ben Youssef, who was deposed by the French two years ago and exiled to Madagascar.

Both sides seemed to be agreed that Ben Youssef should be allowed to leave Madagascar. The Secretary-General of the extremist nationalist party Istiglal, Mr. Ahmed Bellafrez sent a message to M. Edgar Faure from Geneva today stating that the transfer of Ben Youssef to France was an essential condition of Istiglal co-operation in a new deal plan.

M. Edgar Faure and the liberal members of his Cabinet fully agree to the principle involved but one or two members of the Government including General Pierre Koeng, the Defence Minister, want assurances that the ex-Sultan's transfer to France will not be a first step for his return to the throne in Rabat—Reuters.

US CARRIER IN PORT

The American escort aircraft carrier, Badong Strait, arrived here this morning on a six-day recreational visit.

The Badong Strait has a displacement of 24,275 tons (full load) and a fleet of 34 aircraft. She is commanded by Captain J. A. Jap.

On Horseback

One had his papers in order but the other, Solia, only had an outdated employment pass-book. A corporal took him into custody so his identity could be checked and started back to camp with him and Rifleman Swain.

Then Sergeant Pimblett rode up on horseback and after "a very significant conversation" sent the corporal away. Mr. Brookes said Pimblett and Swain soon afterwards left the path towards camp and went 300 yards into the bush where Solia was shot.

Mr. Brookes said the two men's story was that as they walked through the bush Solia loaded Swain who threw him off and shot him and that Pimblett also shot him at about the same time—China Mail Special.

RUGBY LEAGUE

London, Aug. 26. Rugby League results: Yorkshire Cup (first round): Castleford 29, Dewsbury 8—Reuters.



M. FAURE

Lancashire May Work Three Shifts

Manchester, Aug. 26. More than 50 trade union chiefs from Britain's hard hit cotton industry met here this afternoon to discuss a "revolutionary" proposal for treble shift working in Lancashire mills.

The proposal, which would represent a complete break from the industry's traditional single shift system, smacks of irony to many of the mill operators who are unable to maintain full time working, even under the single shift system.

But several firms, with bulky export order books, are prepared to work the clock round. They claim that a night shift would enable them to cheapen costs and capture more business.

Impracticable

Many union officials consider the adoption of a treble shift would be impracticable because of a shortage of male labour, but delegates today agreed there was a vital principle involved which would have to be faced.

Japan and other countries operate a 96-hour week, compared with Lancashire's five-day-week of 45 hours. But in Hongkong production totals an average of 150 hours with treble shifts of eight hours, six days a week, and others with Sunday work—Reuters.

From Right To Left

Karachi, Aug. 26. The Pakistan Government still intends to change the rule of the road from driving on the left to driving on the right at the end of this year in spite of some opposition, including that from police authorities.

A publicity campaign is to be begun soon to prepare people for the change.

Among the effects of the change will be that imports of vehicles will be restricted to those with left-hand drive, a five MPH reduction in speed limits so that the maximum will be 40 MPH outside municipal areas, and the minimum 15 MPH, and the training of extra police—China Mail Special.

Egyptian Premier Says: FRENCH ACTION HOSTILE

London, Aug. 26.

The Egyptian Prime Minister, Colonel Gamal Abdel Nasser, asked the American Ambassador yesterday to inform his government that the employment of French forces in North Africa is regarded by Egypt as "a hostile act," Cairo radio said tonight.

The announcement was made in an official statement issued by an Egyptian Cabinet spokesman and quoted by Cairo radio in its Arabic broadcast.

The announcement said: "Prime Minister Gamal Abdel Nasser explained to the American Ambassador (Mr. Henry Byrnes) at their meeting yesterday Egypt's position on developments in Morocco and the use of terrorism against people who ask for their freedom and the right to live."

"The Prime Minister declared that the Egyptian Government regards the employment of French forces belonging to the Atlantic Pact and of military units belonging to the said Pact against North Africans as a hostile act directed against all Arabs not only by France but by all member states of the Atlantic Pact."

"Prime Minister Gamal Abdel Nasser asked the American Ambassador to communicate this to the American Government"—Reuters.

PAKISTANIS PROTEST

Karachi, Aug. 26. Two thousand demonstrators marched through the streets of Karachi today in protest against French policy in North Africa. They carried banners with anti-French slogans and black flags.

The demonstrators went to the residence of the Governor-General, where they were welcomed by the Pakistani Government was "one with them."

Afterwards they went to the French Embassy. They were received by the French Charge d'Affaires, M. Pierre Salade, to whom they conveyed strong feelings of Pakistanis on the North African problem—France-Press.

Rediffusion

12 noon, Time-time: 12.32 p.m. Musical Scrap: 1.15 News, weather report and special announcements: 1.30, Master of Music: Charles Williams and his Concert Orchestra. The Music of Eric Coates: A. Old-time Ballroom with string accompaniment and his Orchestra (BBCRS): 2.30, Small Combo Dance Dates: 3, Hospital Requests presented by Jean & Joyce: 3.30, Rhythm Parade—Instrumental music: 4, Melody Magic—songs for re-tuning: 4.30, Strictly Instrumental: Silver Network—request programme of Western music: 5, Birdseye Mail: 5.30, Unit Requests presented by Linda: 6, Calling: R.A.F. North Point: 7, Juke Box Parade: 7.30, News (London Relay): 8.00, Weather Report, announcements and inter-lude: 8.15, The Melody Dance Band: 8.30, Penhouse: 8.30, Party Choice: 9.00, Edgy with Guest Artists: 10, Famous Court Dramas—"A Matter of Science" (10.20), Wayne King and his orchestra: 11, Dance for Dancing—popular dance music: 11.15, "God Save the Queen" Close Down.

PRESIDENTIAL SQUARE: Washington: Adams, Jackson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk.

PRESIDENTIAL MIX-UPS: John Quincy Adams, Martin Van Buren, William Henry Harrison, John Tyler.

PARTY SCRAMBLERS: Federalist, Whig, Democrat, Republican.

DIAMOND: TEN TENOR GENERAL NORTH RAIL

DOODLE-PIC: The silhouette is that of a sea-lion.

HYMNS: 1—Butterfly, 2—Mexico, 3—Succotash, 4—Daffodil, 5—Saffron, 6—Radio, 7—Hop-pines, 8—Peppermint, 9—Hur-rone, 10—Immigrant, 11—Noble-EMIGRANTS would be wrong, since that means to move from a country, 12—Elephant, 13—Tennessee, 14—Tennessee, 15—Overcoat.

Old Emigrant Dies In New Zealand

Wellington, Aug. 26. A woman who came to New Zealand 91 years ago when she was six years old has died at Timaru in her 102nd year.

As Helen Lindsay Banks, she came from Edinburgh with her parents to grow up in the then new Otago settlement of Dunedin. Later her parents secured a farm at Balclutha, about 50 miles south of Dunedin.

She married a Mr. Alexander Grant and braved the hazards of hill country life on a sheep station he acquired in the Mackenzie country in the foothills of the Southern Alps.

They retired in Timaru on the Canterbury coast, and Mr. Grant died there in 1920. Mrs. Grant visited Britain in 1929, then returned to live near her family. She celebrated her 101st birthday on January 30 last—China Mail Special.

BOYS AND GIRLS PAGE SOLUTIONS

CROSSWORD:

DOWN: PAT, FIRST, DON, ART, TRET, RVOT, AI, MELT, SLAP, GEE, TIL, GREED, MAR.

PRESIDENTIAL SQUARE: Washington: Adams, Jackson, Madison, Monroe, Jackson, Polk.

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PARTY SCRAMBLERS: Federalist, Whig, Democrat, Republican.

DIAMOND: TEN TENOR GENERAL NORTH RAIL

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